





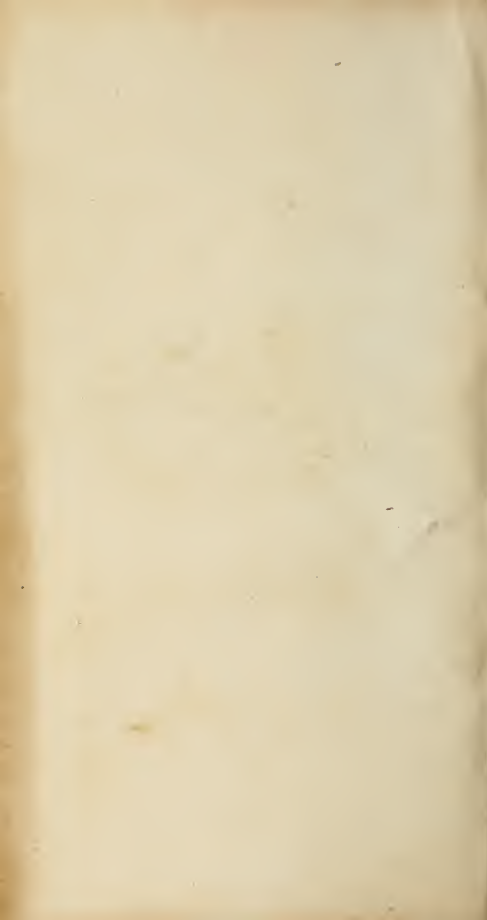
Division

Section

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Mary (Ed. McLeod)

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ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

ADOPTED BY

THE GENERAL SYNOD

OF THE

✓ REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH

IN

NORTH AMERICA,

AT THEIR SESSION, JUNE, 1846,

AND AUTHORIZED TO BE USED IN THE CHURCHES
UNDER THEIR CARE

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ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

INTRODUCTORY.

1.—H. M. *Praise.* [New Arrangement 1.]

- 1 **O**H Zion, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, till sov'reign love,
In worlds above, thy glory raise.
- 4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:

While round his throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

2.—C. P. M. *Praise.* [New Arrangement 2.]

1 **G**O, tune thy voice to sacred song ;
Exert thy noblest pow'rs !
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 O ! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heav'nly birth ?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood ?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near th' eternal throne,
O, sing the praise of God !

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiv'n ;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heav'n.

5 Begin on earth the notes of praise,
"Glory to God on high,"
Sing through the remnant of thy days ;
At death, the song of vict'ry raise,
And soar beyond the sky.

3.—C. P. M. *Praise.* [New Arrangement 3.]

1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty name :

Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker—God,
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King :
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll :
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

4.—L. M.

Praise. [New Arrangement 4.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise ;
But O, what tongue can speak his fame,
What mortal verse can reach the theme !

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He, glory like a garment, wears,
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.
- 5.—C. M. *Perpetua! Praise.* [New Ar. 5
- 1 **Y**ES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all its active pow'rs,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes,
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angel's tongue
And an eternal day.
- 6 —8s 7s 4s. *Invocation.* [New Ar. 7.

- 1 **I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near ;

Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
Let us give them, Lord; to thee,
Cheer'd by hope and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before ;
Full enjoyment
Full, unmix'd, for evermore.

7.—7s.

Invocation.

[New. Ar. 8.

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now ;
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

- 5 Grant, that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free—
Let us all rejoice in thee.

8.—P. M. *Invocation.* [New Arrangement 9.

- 1 **L**ORD, behold thy people here,
Come to learn what thou wilt say ;
O, in mercy now draw near ;
Meet thy people when they pray ;
'Thou art God, and thou alone,
Lord, we worship at thy throne.

- 2 Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,
Israel's Saviour, Israel's King ;
Low before thy feet we fall ;
Thee, whom angels love, we sing ;
Saviour, lead us in the way,
Only thee would we obey.

- 3 Teach us what we do not know,
Lord, instruct us in thy will ;
What we learn, O may we do !
To thy voice obedient still ;
Close to thee may we abide,
Thee, our Saviour and our Guide.

9.—C. P. M. *Social Worship.* [New Arrang. 10.

- 1 “ **W**HERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat
And tell what I have done,
There will I be,” saith God, “ to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.”

- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free ;

Impart a kind celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

10.—C. M. *Invocation.* [New Ar. 11.]

1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice :
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt ;
Thy love and mercy known ;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

6 This house, with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless ;
Thy great salvation now reveal—
Thy glorious righteousness.

11.—C.M. *Confession, Prayer, and Praise.* [N.A.12.]

• 1 **L**ORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our CONFESSIONS pour,
1*

Teach us to feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see
True penitence impart :
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,
Oh, let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
Which grants it, or denies.

5 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in PRAISE.

12.—C. M. *God's Presence sought.* [N. A. 13

1 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour there.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display :
We bow within thy house of prayer ;
O ! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
 To bow before thy face ;
 And make us, creatures of thy power,
 The children of thy grace.

13.—C. M. *A Blessing sought.* [N. A. 14.]

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise ;
 And let each guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 3 To each a sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load ;
 Quicken and wash the troubled heart
 In thine atoning blood.
- 4 Our desperate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiven ;
 By daily growth in grace prepare,
 Then take us up to heav'n.

14.—7s. *Before Hearing.* [New Ar. 15]

- 1 **S**OURCE of light and power divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine ;
 Lord, behold thy servant stands,
 Lo ! to thee, he lifts his hands ;
 Satisfy his soul's desire,
 Touch his lips with holy fire !
 Source of light and power divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.
- 2 Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall
 Unction sweet upon us all ;

Till by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ himself be traced and found ;
 Then shall ev'ry raptured heart,
 Rich in peace and joy, depart.
 Source of light and power divine ;
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.

15.—L. M. *Worship.* [New Ar. 16.]

- 1 **H**OW sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord :
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.
 - 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee :
 Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet !
 Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
 - 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face ;
 O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.
 - 4 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
 And let their hearts be fill'd with love ;
 O may their light to all appear,
 And prove their doctrines from above.
-

THE SCRIPTURES.

16.—C. M. *The Scriptures.* [New Ar. 19.]

- 1 **T**HIS is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown :
 And they are all divinely wise
 Who make that pearl their own.

- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst for sin :
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows—
No danger dwells therein.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

17.—C. M. *The Scriptures.* [New Ar. 20.]

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

18.—L. M. *The Scriptures.* [New Ar. 21.]

- 1 **M**ORE joy than earth can e'er afford,
Is found in God's delightful word ;
Be it my study, night and day,
My guide through all the lonely way.

- 2 Clothed with a majesty divine,
Its doctrines and its precepts shine;
Infinite wisdom, truth and grace,
Appear in all its promises.
- 3 'T is here the Lord, as in a glass,
Displays the glories of his face,
Stoops from his high, imperial throne,
And makes his great salvation known.
- 4 Then be his word to all address'd—
Able to make us wise and blest—
'Till the whole earth shall own his name,
And all, his boundless love proclaim.

19.—L. M. *The Scriptures.* [New Ar. 22.]

- 1 **T**HY word, O Lord, is light and food,
The law of truth, and source of good:
There thou hast pointed out my way
To pardon and perpetual day.
- 2 May I receive it, Lord, as thine,
Receive it as thy word divine,
With firm assent, with list'ning ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.
- 3 Make me to know its saving might,
Its quick'ning power, its cheerful light:
May it, my stubborn heart subdue,
And still my sinful soul renew!
- 4 O! let it richly dwell within,
To keep me from the snares of sin,
And guide me still to choose thy way,
That I no more may go astray.

20.—C. M. *The riches of God's word.* [N. A. 23]

- 1 **L**ET worldly men from shore to shore
Their favourite god pursue;

Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Our numerous griefs are here redrest
And all our wants supplied :
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

5 For these inestimable gains
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

21.—*L.M. A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.* [N.A.24.]

1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee, with humble homage, bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above ;
But, in thy blessed word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read !
There, I behold the Saviour bleed ;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O ! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.
-

DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

22.—C. M. *Greatness.* [New Arrangement 29.]

- 1 **T**HY greatness Lord, what thought can reach?
What mortal tongue can tell?
Thy throne is fix'd, thy power extends
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell.
- 2 Who can evade or who resist,
The vengeance of a God?
Thy fearful wrath, when once provoked,
Spreads terror all abroad.
- 3 The wide dominion and the power,
The sov'reignty is thine:
'T is thine the universe to rule,
With majesty divine.
- 4 To thee, by all the hosts of heaven,
And all of human race,
Be everlasting honours given,
And universal praise.

23.—C. M. *Omniscience.* [New Arrangement 30.]

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
While yet unform'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

24.—C. M. D. Omnipotence. [New Arrangement 31.]

1 **T**HE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly height
The rolling sun stands still.
Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,
With threat'ning aspect roar ;—
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

2 Ye winds of night, your force combine ;—
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the lofty pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies ;

He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

- 3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land,
From winter's polar snows
To where across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor goes.
Ye nations, bend, in rev'rence bend :
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God !

25.—L. M. *Invisible.* [New Arrangement 32

- 1 **W**ITH deepest rev'rence at thy throne.
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.
- 2 Who, by the closest search, can find
Thy mighty, uncreated mind ?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.
- 3 We know thee not ; but this we know,
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below :
And though thine essence is unknown
To all the world thy power is shown.
- 4 That power we trace on every side ;
O may thy wisdom be our guide !
And while we live and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh

26.—H. M. *Ever Living.* [New Ar. 33.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessed be my Rock ;
Though earth her bosom heaves
And mountains feel the shock ;
Though oceans rage and torrents roar ;
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives—
 The dying sinner's Friend :
 How freely he forgives
 The follies that offend :
 He wipes the penitential tear,
 Bids faith and hope, the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives,
 To hear and answer prayer,
 Whoe'er in him believes
 And trusts his guardian care,
 A Father's tender love shall know,
 Whence living streams of comfort flow.

4 The Lord Jehovah lives,
 Salvation to secure ;
 The title that he gives
 Will be forever sure :
 'T is drawn in characters of blood,
 'T is issued from the throne of God.

27.—C. P. M. *The Love of God.* [New Ar. 36.]

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise ;
 How bright on high its glories blaze,
 How sweetly bloom below !
 It streams from thine eternal throne ;
 Through heaven its joys forever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distil ;
 In every vernal beam it glows,
 And breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
 In sweeter, fairer characters,
 And charms the ravish'd breast ;

There love immortal leaves the sky,
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye
 And give the weary rest.

- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude ;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To thee, my Father and my Friend—
 My soul's eternal good.

28.—C. M. *God known by his Works.* [N. A. 34

- 1 **I** SING th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd,
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow
 By order from thy throne.
- 5 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye ;
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky.
- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;

There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

29.—L. M. *Voice of Creation.* [New Ar. 35.]

- 1 **T**HERE seems a voice in ev'ry gale,
A tongue in ev'ry op'ning flower,
Which tells, O Lord, "the wondrous tale"
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.
The birds that rise on quiv'ring wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee one general chorus raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone,
Be mute midst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answ'ring tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou badest her being, bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gavest immortal life to me.
- 3 The Saviour left his heav'nly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deign'd to die that I might live,
But thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express,
Then let me, bow'd before thy feet
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

T R I N I T Y.

30.—L. M. 6,l. *Adoration.* [New Arrang. 48]

- 1 **Y**ES, I adore thee, O my God,
Father supreme of earth and skies;
Up to the heav'ns thy bright abode,

Let songs of praise and joy arise :
 Thou art the High and Holy One,
 Thy will through earth and heaven be done.

- 2 Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Son of the Father, wond'rous King :
 "Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,"—
 Sweet is the anthem we would sing ;
 O Prince of Peace, accept the strain,
 "Forever live, forever reign."
- 3 Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Blest Comforter, supreme, divine ;
 Still lead me in the narrow road,
 Bid heav'nly light around me shine :
 Spirit of Holiness, impart
 Thy gifts to every trembling heart.
- 4 Yes, I adore thee, O my God,
 Blest Three in One, blest One in Three !
 Angels that fill thy high abode,
 All praise and glory give to thee :
 Earth with her millions shall confess,
 The boundless plenitude of grace.

31.—S. M. D. *To the Holy Trinity.* [New Ar. 49.]

- 1 **O**UR Father, who dost lead
 The children of thy grace,
 A new-born and believing seed,
 Through this wide wilderness :
 Thy providential care
 In dangers past we own ;
 Still let thine arm be ever near ;
 Still let thy love be shown.
- 2 O Saviour, Lamb of God !
 Our gracious dying Friend !
 Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
 On us thy mercy send ;

Thou art a Master kind,
 With voice and person sweet ;
 Bestow on us a loving mind,
 And keep us at thy feet.

3 Thou, Holy Spirit, art
 Of truth the promised Seal :
 Convincing power thou dost impart,
 And Jesus' grace reveal :
 O, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
 And light and life afford ;
 Instruct us how to live by faith,
 And glorify the Lord.

32.—148th. *Praise to the Godhead.* [New Ar. 50.]

1 **W**E give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above ;
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us, with his blood,
 From everlasting wo ;
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give ;
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live ;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honours done ;

The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One ;
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

SON, AND MEDIATORIAL WORK.

33.—C. M.

Jesus. [New Arrangement 67.]

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus ! when my soaring thoughts
 O'er all thy graces rove,
 How is my soul with transport lost
 In wonder, joy, and love.
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears
 Like thy beloved name ;
 Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
 My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
 Unnumber'd blessings see ;
 But what is life, with all its bliss,
 If once compared with thee ?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?
 Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
 If aught can raise my passions thus,
 Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart—
 My portion and my joy ;
 For ever let thy boundless grace,
 My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 6 When nature faints, around my bed
 Let thy bright glories shine ;
 And death shall all his terrors lose,
 In raptures so divine.

34.—C. M. *Christ, Precious.* [New Ar. 65.]

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Not to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

35.—8s & 6s. *Excellence of Christ.* [New Ar. 68.]

- 1 O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth
That in my Saviour shine ;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine.
 - 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears
Exalted on his throne ;
- 2

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

- 3 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

36.—C. M. *All in all.* [New Ar. 60.]

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey ;
Thyself bestow, for thee alone,
My *All in all*, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore ;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn ;
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign ;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

37.—C. M. *Fulness of Christ.* [New Ar 64.]

- 1 O, WHAT treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord !

From him what rays of glory shine,
What peace his paths afford.

2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before ;
And now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distress'd, he to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies ;
And to the wounds which sin has made,
A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fulness we receive,
And daily grace for grace ;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

38.—7s. *Christ Unchangeable.* [New Ar. 77]

1 **W**HAT a changing world is this !
Void of all substantial bliss ;
All we see beneath the sun,
In successive changes run :
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on his name !

2 Wisdom, holiness, and might,
Truth and justice are his right ;
Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flow'd eternally from him ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name !

3 Abram's bold rebellious race,
Found him full of truth and grace ;
Priests and prophets all have told,
What he did for saints of old ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name !

- 4 Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there ;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end ;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on his name !

39.—C. M. *Chief among ten thousand.* [N. A. 76

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have :
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

40.—8s 7s. *The Grace of Jesus Christ.* [N A 69]

1 JESUS CHRIST, methinks I love thee ;
But I fain would love thee more ;
'Twas thy grace at first did move thee
To a soul extremely poor.
Thou wast rich beyond expression—
Rich in Godhead, rich in grace ;
But to better my condition,
Thou my nature didst embrace.

2 Hungry, naked, and abused
By the men thou camest to bless ;
By thy Father sorely bruised ;
Groaning, bleeding, with distress.
Thou wast poor beyond exp̄ssion,
Bathed in thine own precious blood ;
All to better my condition—
All to make me rich in God.

3 Jesus Christ, methinks I love thee ;
But I fain would love thee more ;
'Twas thy grace at first did move thee
To a soul extremely poor.
For thy mercy thus enjoy'd,
If I had ten thousand tongues,
They should all be still employ'd
In ten thousand grateful songs.

41.—C. M. *Praise to the Redeemer.* [N. A. 66]

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Let saints thy love proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name

- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease ;
'Tis music to our ravish'd ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 It breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free ;
Thy blood can cleanse the foulest stain ;
And can avail for me.

42.—C. M. *A merciful High-Priest.* [N. A. 86.]

- 1 COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest ;
He enter'd heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.
- 2 Below he wash'd our guilt away
By his atoning blood ;
Now he appears before the throne
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 What though while here we oft must feel
Temptations keenest dart ?
Our tender High-Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.
- 4 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.
- 5 Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench
The fervour of his love ;
For us, he died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.
- 6 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name ;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim.

43.—C. M. *Compassionate High-Priest.* [N. A. 88]

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

44.—L. M. *He is our Peace.* [New Ar. 104.]

- 1 **B**LEST be the Saviour's sacred name ;
On embassies of peace he came ;
And angels chanted at his birth,
" Good-will to men, and peace on earth."
- 2 " He is our peace ;" for by his blood
Sinners are reconciled to God ;
Sweet harmony is now restored,
And man beloved, and God adored.
- 3 " He is our peace ;" in him we find
A sweet serenity of mind ;

This is to us his own bequest,
And makes the soul supremely blest.

4 "He is our peace" 'tween man and man;
And by his harmonizing plan,
Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,
In perfect fellowship agree.

5 Blest be the bleeding Saviour's name;
On embassies of peace he came.
Let mortals to their latest breath
Sing of his reconciling death.

45.—C. M. *The Way, &c.* [New Ar. 91.]

1 THOU art the *Way*; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the *Truth*; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the *Life*; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life*,—
Grant us to know that *Way*,
That *Truth* to keep, that *Life* to win,
Which leads to endless day.

46.—S. M. *The Lamb of God.* [N. A. 84]

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

47.—C. M. *The Lamb of God.* [New Ar. 83.]

- 1 CONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divine,
Whence all your joys have flow'd ;
With gladsome hearts and grateful tongues
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”
- 2 If saved from wrath, and from the stroke
Of Heaven's avenging rod,
Pouring his precious blood for you,
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”
- 3 Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,
And sin's afflicting load,
To Jesus' blood you owe your peace ;
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”
- 4 With holy mind, and heart renew'd,
Run ye the narrow road ;
His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls ;
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

- 5 Each heavenly blessing ye receive,
 Through Jesus is bestow'd,
 In every good your souls possess,
 "Behold the Lamb of God!"
- 5 Hope ye in heaven with God, at last,
 To find your blest abode?
 Still, as the ground of all your hopes,
 "Behold the Lamb of God!"

48.—7s. *Christ, the Day-Star.* [New Ar. 79]

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies—
 Christ, the true, the only light;
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Dayspring from on high, be near,
 Day-Star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If it bring no ray from thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams we see.
 Lord, thine inward light impart,
 Cheering each benighted heart.
- 3 Visit every soul of thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill with radiancy divine,
 Scatter all our unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

49.—C. M. *Unchangeable Friend.* [N. A. 102]

- 1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
 To praise the Saviour's name;
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love's a constant flame.

- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near ;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course ;
Immutably the same, it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne ;
He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself, he gives us still.

50.—11s 8s.

Shepherd.

[New Ar. 101.]

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd, his kindness I know ;
My wants will be ever supplied :
He makes me repose where the green pastures
grow,
And waters in gentleness glide.
- 2 My wandering affections, so often astray,
His kindness and care will reclaim,
To wisdom and holiness point out the way,
To the praise of his glorious name.
- 3 What though I walk through the dark valley of
death
No evil my spirit will fear ;
My Shepherd is with me, his arm is beneath
His love, and his comfort are near.
- 4 The hand of his bounty my table supplies,
My cup of enjoyment o'erflows :

He keeps me in safety when troubles arise,
Nor yields to th' assaults of my foes.

- 5 His goodness and mercy around me are pour'd,
His love shall forever endure ;
Forever I'll dwell in the house of the Lord ;
His word of salvation is sure.

51.—8s 7s 7s. *Christ's Love.* [New Ar. 103.]

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need !

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of Sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;
Still he calls them " Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us Lord at length to love ;
We alas ! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

52.—8s 7s 4s. *Meekness of Christ.* [New Ar. 95.]

1 GENTLE Jesus, how I love thee !
Words cannot my love express ;
Day and night how much I prove thee
Full of mercy, full of grace ;
Wretched sinners,
Thou dost take delight to bless.

2 Of thy condescending goodness,
What examples do I find !
'Midst neglect, contempt and rudeness,
Meek and lowly was thy mind ;
Gentle Jesus,
Thou wast altogether kind.

3 O how mild and condescending
Are the methods thou dost take !
Low beneath my burden bending,
Bleeding, dying for my sake :
Gentle Jesus,
Now some word of comfort speak.

4 Lo ! I venture to approach thee ;
Though my sins are great indeed ;
If by faith I may but touch thee,
Virtue will from thee proceed ;
Gentle Jesus,
Thou alone art all I need.

53.—8s 7s. *Our High-Priest.* [New Ar. 146.]

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King ;
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring !
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Thou didst bear our sin and shame,

Through thy merit we find favour ;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare :
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

54.—C. M. *Mediatorial Work.* [New Ar. 105.]

1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty and grace,
Through all the gospel shine ;
'T is God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high,
The almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt, the sinner owed,
Upon the cross he pays ;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he, our great High Priest, appears,
Before his Father's throne ;

Offers his incense with our pray'rs,
And pours salvation down.

- 5 Great God with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace ;
And on thy faithfulness and power,
Our firm dependence place.

55.—S. M. *Christ's Mission.* [New Ar. 108.]

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love.
Its chief Beloved chose ;
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease :
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

56.—8s 7s 7s. *Atonement.* [New Ar. 121.

1 **W**ITHOUT blood is no remission ;
 Thus the law proclaims from heaven ;
 Blood must flow—on this condition,
 This alone, is sin forgiven :
 Yes, a victim must be slain,
 Else all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim—who shall find it ?
 Such a one as sinners need ?
 To the altar who shall bind it ?
 Who shall make the victim bleed ?
 Questions these of anxious thought,
 Till the word of God is brought.

3 God himself provides the Victim—
 Jesus is the Lamb of God ;
 Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict him,
 While he bears the sinner's load ;
 'T is his blood, and that alone,
 Can for human guilt atone.

4 Joyful truth ! he bore transgression
 In his body on the cross ;
 Through his blood, there 's full remission ;
 All for him we count but loss :
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds,
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

57.—C. M. *Gethsemane.* [New Ar. 113.

1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
 On which the Lord was laid ;
 His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
 In agony he pray'd :—

2 “ Father, remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will ;
 If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil ! ”

- 3 Go to the garden, sinner ; see
Those precious drops that flow :
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey :
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

58.—S. M. *Christ upon the Cross* [New Ar. 126.]

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high ;
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom was broke that heart ?
For whom these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that bitter scorn ?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head
And op'd his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee, our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

59.—L. M. *The Crucifixion.* [New Ar. 129.]

- 1 “ ’T IS finish’d ! ” so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bow’d his dying head ;
 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” all that Heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfill’d, as was design’d,
 In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” this, his dying groan,
 Shall sins of deepest hue atone ;
 Millions shall be redeem’d from death,
 By this, his last expiring breath.
- 4 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” Heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil’d,
 Peace, love, and happiness, again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round ;
 “ ’T is finish’d ! ” let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

60.—C. L. M. *The Lord is risen.* [New Ar. 135.]

- 1 **H**OW calm and beautiful the morn,
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where once the Crucified was borne,
 And veil’d in midnight gloom !
 O, weep no more the Saviour slain ;
 The Lord is risen—he lives again..
- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
 For your departed Lord,
 “ Behold the place—he is not here,”
 The tomb is all unbarr’d :

The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now, cheerful to the house of pray'r,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day,
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

61.—L. M. *Christ's Intercession.* [New Ar. 136]

1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives:
And now before his Father, God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
This hope repels each fiery dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On thee alone our hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

62.—C. M. *The Cross and Crown.* [New Ar. 144]

1 **T**HE head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sov'reign right ;
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know ;

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

6 The cross he bore, is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

63.—*Ss 7s. The Cross of Christ.* [New Ar. 130.]

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory !
 I Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me,
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory ;
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

64.—*L. M. Glorifying in the Cross.* [New Ar. 131]

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died ;
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

65.—L. M. *Lord of Angels.* [New Ar. 147.]

- 1 **G**REAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son !
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet, their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.
- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.
- 4 Lord, when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send thy beloved angels down,
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

66.—C. M. *Effusion of the Spirit.* [New Ar. 151.]

- 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within,
He quickens sinners from their death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals ;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire !

67.—C. M. *Work of the Spirit.* [New Ar. 152.]

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please ;
How happy are the men who feel,
The soul enlivening breeze.
- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul,
With light, and life, and joy ;
None can thy mighty power control,
Thy glorious work destroy.

68.—C. M. *Work of the Spirit.* [New Ar. 153.]

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit, through whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,

On us thy benediction shower,
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light, arise and shine,
Darkness and doubt dispel ;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine,
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
Complete redemption bring ;
Now tongues impart, to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside ;
Exulting, then, we 'll show and own
Our Jesus glorified.

69.—S.M.D. *Witness of the Spirit.* [New Ar. 156

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Saviour known
———And witness with the blood.———
'T is thine the blood t' apply,
And give us each to see,
That he who did for *sinner*s die,
Hath surely died for *me*.

2 No one can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
———And breathe the living word.———
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God."

70.—8s 6s. *Spirit sought.* [New Ar. 157.]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Grant the supplies that I require;
O come, and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all THOU art;
True witness of my sonship, now,
Engraving Christ upon my heart,
Seal of my sins in him forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

3 My Comforter, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light thy witness bear,
More actively within me live;
Let all my powers thy presence feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

71.—C. M. *Grieving the Spirit.* [New Ar. 159.]

1 THE God of grace will never leave,
Or cast away his own;
And yet when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war or strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful dove;
His gracious influence is found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succours and support, within,
The Spirit vex'd withdraws.

- 4 To sin, O leave us not a prey,
 Nor yet to Satan's hand ;
 But guide us, in the heav'nly way,
 To our Emmanuel's land.

72.—L. M. *Invocation.* [New Ar. 160.]

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain and worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire ?
 O kindle now the sacred flame ;
 Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see ;
 O, soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

73.—7s. *Influences of the Spirit.* [N. A. 161]

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 Let my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me ;
 Set the burden'd sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

74.—7s. *Invocation.* [New Arrangement 162.]

- 1 **H**OLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

75.—C. M. *Various influences desired.* [N. A. 163.]

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit—God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire ;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppress'd ;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be ;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we 're the sons of God ;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

76.—C. M. *The Spirit desired.* [New Ar. 164.]

- 1 **G**REAT Father of each perfect gift
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
 - 2 O ! shed abroad that choicest gift—
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
 - 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven :
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
 - 4 Diffuse, O God, thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness,
To Carmel's flowery field.
-

W A R N I N G S.

77.—C.M. *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.* [N.A. 194]

- 1 **W**HY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day ?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.
- 2 The present we should now redeem ;
This only is our own ;
The past, alas ! is all a dream,
The future is unknown.
- 3 O ! think, what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space ;
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 O, for that power which melts the heart,
 And mounts the soul on high,
 Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
 And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
 Before Emanuel's feet ;
 And hail him as our All in all,
 In happiness complete.

78.—P. M. *Call to the Young.* [New Ar. 195.]

1 UP, for thy life, young soul !
 Foes gather round thee fast ;
 Up, for the swift hours roll
 Thy favour'd season past.
 Now thou art strong,
 Gird for the fight,
 Decay, ere long,
 Shall waste thy might.

2 Christ and his ransom'd band,
 Toward heaven thy soul allure ;
 Glorious at his right hand,
 While joys on high endure.
 There rest complete :
 Thrice-welcome they,
 Whose early feet
 His call obey.

3 Mark, now, from realms above,
 The Spirit o'er thee bends :
 Gift of the Saviour's love,
 Him, God the Father sends :
 He leads secure—
 His sword and shield
 Make victory sure,
 Make Satan yield.

- 4 God and his saints invite ;
 Hell warns with dreadful voice ;
 Life, death, all things unite
 To press thy timely choice.
 List to that call !
 On Jesus' side,
 Trust now thine all—
 In him abide.

79.—S. M. *Life, a Vapour.* [New Ar. 196.]

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine.
 Lodged in thy sov'reign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O, make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live *to-day* !
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Awake by thine almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 "*One thing*" demands our care,
 O, be it still pursued,
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.

80.—L. M. *Why will ye die ?* [New Ar. 197.]

- 1 **W**HY, thoughtless sinner wilt thou die ?
 Why yield to Satan's fatal charm ?
 Why wilt thou yet believe the lie,
 That sin can do thy soul no harm ?
- 2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom ;
 In ruin soon his-course must end :

Wilt thou in sin on peace presume,
Or on vain confidence depend ?

3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,
In equal war with him to meet ?
Canst thou his thunderbolts defy,
Or quench his flames beneath thy feet ?

4 Peace is proclaimed ! O bless the sound
Of pardon, bought with love divine ;
God has himself the ransom found,
Which could atone for sins like thine.

81.—L. M. • *One thing needful.* [New Ar. 198.]

1 **W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart,
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

82.—C. L. M. *Go, watch and pray.* [New Ar. 199.]

1 **G**O, watch and pray : thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be ;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee.

Death's countless snares beset thy way ;
Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.

- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high ?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye ?
Soon these must change, must pass away ;
Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.

- 3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath ;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye !
Behold the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie.
The heavenly warning now obey ;
Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.

- 4 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm,
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom ;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou 'rt bending to the tomb.
And can vain hope lead thee astray,
Go ! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

INVITATIONS.

. 83.—S. M. *The Gospel Trumpet*. [New Ar. 255

1 YE trembling captives, hear !
The gospel trumpet sounds
No sound beside can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's thunder's roar ;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Grace, pardon, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims ;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The joyful news shall spread ;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In one blest triumph, lead.

84.—6s 4s.

To-day. [New Arrang. 256.

1 **T**O-DAY, the Saviour calls !
Ye wand'ers come ;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.

2 *To-day*, the Saviour calls !
O, listen now :
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 *To-day*, the Saviour calls !
For refuge fly ;
The storm of vengeance falls ;
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls *to-day* !
Yield to his power ;
O, grieve him not away ;
'T is mercy's hour.

85.—7s • *Come and Welcome.* [New Ar. 257.

1 **F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear :
" Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

- 2 Sprinkled now, with blood, the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come."
- 3 Spread for thee, the festal board,
 See with richest dainties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Yet again a child confess'd;
 Never from his house to roam,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come."
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end;
 Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend;
 Safe your spirit to convey,
 To the realms of endless day;
 Up to my eternal home,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

86.—7s.

Expostulation.

[New Ar. 258.]

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued,
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done,
 Crucified th' Eternal Son!
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fix'd him there,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Plunged into his side the spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?

Open all his wounds again ?
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;
 Break, O break, my bleeding heart.

87.—11s. *Delay Not.* [New Arrang. 259.]

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee.
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?
 A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight ;
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
 fade ;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
 stand ;
 What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its
 aid !

88.—7s. *Fulness of Christ.* [New Ar. 260.]

- 1 **B**LEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
 Jesus Christ can make you clean :
 Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.

- 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste ;
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wander'd far,
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power ;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

89.—C. P. M. *A Voice of Warning.* [New Ar. 261]

- 1 **T**HAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey ;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.
- 2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade ;
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour ;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour.
- 3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear ;
Thy footsteps now retrace :

Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

- 4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene ;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

90.—7s 6s. *Balm in Gilead.* [New Ar. 262.

- 1 **W**HY should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind ?

Why that bosom heave with sighs,
And yet no refuge find ?

Knowest thou not of Gilead's balm ;
Of the great Physician there,
Who can every fear disarm,
And save thee from despair ?

- 2 Still o'erwhelm'd with floods of grief,
And fill'd with sore dismay ;

Looking downward for relief,
Without one cheering ray ?

Lift thy streaming eyes to heaven ;
There the great atonement see.

All thy sin shall be forgiven ;
Believe, and thou art free.

- 3 He that for thy soul hath died,
Invites thee now to come ;

He, the law hath satisfied,
And can reverse thy doom :

He hath suffer'd grief and shame ;
He hath shed his precious blood.

O believe in Jesus' name,
And be at peace with God.

91.—7s. *Go to Golgotha.* [New Ar. 132.]

- 1 **G**O to Golgotha, and weep
 With the suff'ring Son of God,
 And behold, with anguish deep,
 Where the sacred Victim stood ;
 Like a lamb to slaughter led,
 Every friend and helper fled.
- 2 Go to Golgotha, and see
 All the heavens in sackcloth hung,
 While rebuke and blasphemy
 Issue foul from every tongue.
 Hear that agonizing cry,
 While the rending rocks reply.
- 3 Go to Golgotha, and tell
 Why the scourge, the crown of thorn,
 Why the powers of earth and hell
 Join in deeds of hate and scorn ;
 Why such innocence in tears,
 On the shameful cross appears.
- 4 Go to Golgotha, and learn
 All the bitterness of sin ;
 In those scenes of wrath discern
 What thine own desert hath been.
 Thine the shame, reproach, and guilt ;
 'T was for thee that blood was spilt.
- 5 Go to Golgotha, and pray
 That thy sins may be forgiven ;
 He on whom thy burthens lay,
 Now is Advocate in heaven.
 Lift thine eyes to his abode,
 Trusting in the Son of God.

92.—8s 7s. *A Fountain opened.* [N. A. 263]

- 1 **C**OME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
 Sinners ruin'd by the fall,

Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows for every guilty soul,
 In a full perpetual tide ;
 Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
 Here the guilty seek remission ;
 Here the lost a refuge find.
 Health, this fountain will restore ;
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever ;
 'T is a soul-reviving flood ;
 God is faithful ; he will never
 Break his cov'nant, seal'd in blood ;
 Sign'd when our Redeemer died—
 Seal'd when he was glorified.

CONVICTION AND PENITENCE.

93.—C. M. *Conviction.* [New Arrang. 268.]

1 **D**OTH God invite me to his arms,
 And do I still delay ?
 Shall he impart his just commands,
 And I refuse t' obey.

2 Doth Jesus call me to rely
 Upon his righteousness,
 For safety bid me thither fly,
 And I despise his grace ?

3 Hath not the Holy Spirit yet,
 Withdrawn his influence ?
 And do I still supinely sit,
 Immersed in earth and sense ?

- 4 By mercy wooed, by wrath pursued,
 How sluggish I remain ;
 Rouse up, my dull inactive powers,
 The heavenly prize to gain.

94.—C. M. *Sinner's Relief.* [New Ar. 278.]

- 1 **W**HERE shall a wretched sinner flee,
 To ease his wounded soul?
 The Saviour cries, Believe in me,
 And I will make thee whole.
- 2 Believe in thee, my dearest Lord,
 Oh, help mine unbelief,
 All needful grace do thou afford,
 And send me quick relief.
- 3 Sprinkled with thine atoning blood,
 Let me at length appear
 Before the awful bar of God,
 And find acceptance there.

95.—7s 6s. *Sinner desponding.* [New Ar. 279.]

- 1 **W**HY sinks my soul desponding ?
 Why fill my eyes with tears,
 While nature all-surrounding
 The smile of beauty wears ?
 Why, burden'd still with sorrow,
 Is every lab'ring thought ?
 Each vision that I borrow,
 With gloom and sadness fraught ?
- 2 The pleasures that deceived me
 My soul no more can charm,
 Of rest they have bereaved me,
 And fill'd me with alarm ;
 The objects, I have cherish'd,
 Are empty as the wind ;

My earthly joys are perished ;
What comfort shall I find ?

- 3 If inward, still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward, now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heavenly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.
- 4 O, from this dreadful anguish,
Is there no refuge nigh ?
'Tis guilt that makes me languish,
And leaves me thus to die :
I will renounce my folly
Before the throne of grace ;
And make the Lord, most holy,
My strength and righteousness.

96.—C. M. *Self-condemned.* [New Ar. 280.]

- 1 **A**H, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppress'd ?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn ;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall ;
And O, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimproved them all.
- 4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heaven ;

Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiven.

- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to Thee,
And grant renewing grace ;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

97.—C. M. *Repentance.* [New Ar. 281.]

- 1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Did he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ, the Prince of Glory, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'T is all that I can do.

98.—C. M. *Penitential.* [New Arrang. 282]

- 1 **O** IF my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs,
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

- 2 'T was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those sins of mine
That shed the Saviour's blood ;
That pierced and nail'd his sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;
My heart hath so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

99.—S. M. *Penitential.* [New Arrang 283.]

- 1 O, THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd
At having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire :
With true sincerity of wo
My thoughtless breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down ;
Strike, with thy love's effectual stroke,
And break this heart of stone

100.—L. M. *Penitential.* [New Ar. 284.]

- 1 **A**LAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God, whom I defied.
- 2 Oft have I heard of heaven and hell,
Where bliss and wo eternal dwell;
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.
- 3 My heart has long refused the blood
Of Jesus, the descending God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which Heaven had spoke.
- 4 Th' alluring world controll'd my choice;
When conscience spoke, I hush'd its voice:
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.
- 5 But now, th' Almighty God comes near
And fills my soul with awful fear—
Fear, lest I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

101.—S. M. *Self-examination.* [New Ar. 286.]

- 1 **A**H, whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come:
Ah, why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinners home;
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—

Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?

4 Some wicked thing unknown
Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol which I do not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see :
And make me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts ! in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

102.—S. M. *Ruin and Recovery.* [New Ar. 287.]

1 **H**OW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise.

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven ;
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure,
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree,
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the galling chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
That bring us near to God ;
Thy sov'reign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

103.—C. P. M. *Contrition.* [New Ar. 288.]

- 1 **I** LOOK to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath thy gracious throne
Pour out my ardent prayer :
Pardon my sin, my soul reprieve,
No hand but thine can now relieve,
Or save me from despair.
- 2 My trembling spirit, fill'd with awe,
Beholds the terrors of thy law,
And bows itself in dust ;
Thou, Lord, are righteous, just, and good,
My only refuge is thy blood :
Thou art my only trust.
- 3 Guilty, before thy bar I plead,
Guilty in thought, in word, and deed,
Wholly defiled by sin :
O, heal the leprosy of soul !
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And bid my heart be clean.

104.—S. M. *Troubled Soul.* [New Ar. 291.]

- 1 **L** ORD, can a soul like mine,
Unholy and unclean,
Dare venture near a throne of grace,
With such a load of sin ?
- 2 When I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away
I know not where I am.

- 3 When in thy word I look
 Such darkness fills my mind
 I only read a sealed book,
 And no relief I find.
- 4 Myself can hardly bear,
 This wretched heart of mine ;
 How hateful, then, must it appear,
 To those pure eyes of thine.
- 5 Low at thy feet I bow,
 O, pity and forgive,
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

105.—7s 6s. *Pleading for Grace.* [New Ar. 294.]

- 1 **W**RETCHED, helpless, and distress'd
 Ah whither shall I fly ?
 Ever panting after rest,
 Where shall I turn mine eye ?
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Bound in sin and misery :
 Friend of sinners, let me find
 My help, my all in thee.
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 O, hear my sad complaint ;
 Be the wanderer's resting place,
 A cordial for the faint :
 Make me rich, for I am poor ;
 Let me now thy presence find ;
 To the dying, health restore,
 And eyesight to the blind.
- 3 Fill my soul with heavenly grace,
 With pure humility :
 Clothe me with thy righteousness :
 Endue my heart with thee :

Let thine image be restored ;
 Let me thy forgiveness prove ;
 Fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
 For boundless is thy love.

106.—7s. *Deep Contrition.* [New Ar. 295.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, save my dying soul ;
 Make the broken spirit whole ;
 Humbled in the dust I lie ;
 Saviour, leave me not to die.
 - 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
 Now reveal thy smiling face :
 Grant the joy of sin forgiven
 Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
 - 3 All my guilt to thee is known,
 Thou art righteous, thou alone ;
 All my help is from thy cross ;
 All beside I count but loss.
 - 4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;
 Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive ?
 Helpless at thy feet I lie ;
 Saviour, leave me not to die.
-

CONVERSION AND CONSECRATION.

107.—C. M. *Prisoners of Hope.* [New Ar. 298.]

- 1 **W**HEN first my dangerous state I saw,
 And knew not where to run ;
 I fled from God's avenging law,
 To duties I had done.
- 2 But these, alas ! I quickly found,
 Afforded no defence ;
 For threat'ning vengeance burst around,
 And drove my soul from thence.

- 3 Cut off from ev'ry legal hope,
And sinking in despair,
I turn'd mine eyes to Calv'ry's top,
And saw a refuge there.
- 4 Jesus, the Saviour, cried aloud,
"Pris'ners of hope," come in!
There 's peace and safety in my blood,
From vengeance and from sin.
- 5 I enter'd this stronghold in haste—
And found myself secure;
And from a sense of mercies past,
I learn to trust him more.

108.—L. M. *Renouncing the World.* [N. A 299]

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair:
And, while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and lift mine eyes;
O! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

109.—C. M. *Looking to Christ.* [N. A. 300]

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend ;
As such I look to thee ;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 Lord, I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.

110.—C. M. *Taking up the Cross.* [New Ar. 301]

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee ?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go !—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, wealth, or friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee,
 A single smile obtain,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'll glory in my gain !

111.—C.P.M. *The World renounced.* [N. A. 302.]

- 1 **I** QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
 Her honours are but idle toys,
 Her bliss an empty shade ;
 Like meteors in the midnight sky,
 That glitter for a while and die,
 Her glories flash and fade.
- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
 'Tis all too mean for me ;
 Above the earth, above the skies,
 My bold aspiring wishes rise,
 My God, to heaven and thee.
- 3 O Source of glory, life, and love,
 When to thy courts I mount above,
 On contemplation's wings,
 I look with pity and disdain
 On all the pleasures of the vain,
 On all the pomps of kings.
- 4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
 With raptures fill my breast ;
 Though robb'd of all my earthly store,
 With thee I never can be poor,
 But must be ever blest.

112.—C. M. *Bearing the Cross.* [New Ar. 303.]

- 1 **A** SHAMED of Christ !—my soul disdains
 The mean, ungen'rous thought ;
 Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
 To man salvation brought ?

- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came ;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay ;
Our lives, yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer, Jesus views
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear ; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name—his cross to bear,
Our highest honour this !
Who firmly suffers for him now,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

113.—C. M. *Subdued by the Cross.* [N. A. 304]

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood ;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O ! never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
It plunged me in despair ;
I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, that said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid--
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue--
Such is the mystery of grace--
It seals my pardon too.

114.—H. M. *Submission.* [New Arrang. 305]

- 1 **C**OME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me,
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin ;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,

And joy and peace be mine,
 Such as are known above :
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

115.—C. M. *Peace returning.* [New Ar. 306]

- 1 **O**, SPEAK that gracious word again,
 And cheer my drooping heart !
 No voice but thine can soothe my pain
 And bid my fears depart.
- 2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own,
 A worm so vile as I ?
 And may I still approach thy throne,
 And Abba, Father, cry ?
- 3 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
 Hath turn'd my night to day ;
 And all those heav'nly joys restored,
 Which I had sinn'd away.
- 4 Dear Lord ! I wonder and adore ;
 Thy grace is all divine :
 O keep me, that I sin no more
 Against such love as thine.

116.—L. M. *Entire Consecration.* [New Ar. 307.]

- 1 **N**OW I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his ways will I depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 O, be this service all my joy !
 Around let my example shine ;
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways ;
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

117.—C.M. *Old things passed away.* [N. A. 308]

- 1 **L**ET earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its visions can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford :
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 And may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?
Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.
-

CHRISTIAN.

118.—8s. *Rejoicing in Mercy.* [New Ar. 337.]

- 1 **Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Emanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune—tune your soft harps to his praise :

He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercies repeat :
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair :
For you he was mighty to save—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
While I to your Saviour belong :
I'm fetter'd, and chain'd here in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I long to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
I long—O, I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

119.—7s. *Chosen in Christ.* [New Ar 335.]

1 **G**OD'S own promise standeth sure ;
Saints shall to the end endure ;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those he purchased for his sheep.

- 2 Known to him before the sun
First began its course to run,
Chosen, called from above,
Objects of eternal love.
- 3 Put thy seal upon each heart ;
Thy blest image, Lord, impart ;
All thyself in us reveal—
We the clay and thou the seal.
- 4 Every evil, Lord, subdue ;
Make us to our duty true ;
From base affections set us free ;
Dead, to sin, we 'll live to thee.

120.—11s. *Pray without ceasing.* [New Ar. 484.]

- 1 **W**HEN morning is rising, o'er mountain and
lawn,
And every thing waketh to welcome the dawn,
When far down the valley the mists fly away,
Arouse thee from slumber, arouse thee and pray.
- 2 And when the still noon in its beauty draws nigh,
And nature seems ready to languish and die,
Then halt on thy march, in the heat of the day,
Then lift up thy thoughts to thy Father, and pray.
- 3 When evening descends like a spirit of peace,
And labour and tumult grow fainter and cease,
When night cometh down in her starry array,
Then haste to the God of thy spirit and pray.
- 4 Remember his goodness, whose hand has supplied,
Each want of thy bosom, nor ever denied
The smiles of his bounty to gladden thy way ;
Remember his goodness, and gratefully pray.
- 5 Oh, pray to him always, in sorrow and joy,
When peace is around thee, or troubles annoy ;

The light of his presence the storm shall allay,
Or temper thy gladness—then constantly pray.

121.—S. M. *Christian Love.* [New Ar. 388.]

- 1 **L**OVE is the fountain, whence
All true obedience flows ;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.
- 2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires ;
That generous love which warms his breast
With fortitude inspires.
- 3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.
- 4 May love—that shining grace—
O'er all my powers preside ;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide.

122.—C. M. *Love to Christ.* [New Ar. 389.]

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And cast each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast thou a foe before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Could not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name ?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

123.—C. M. *Clinging to Christ.* [New Ar. 390.]

- 1 **T**O whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 If I depart from thee ?
 My Guide through all this vale of wo,
 And more than all to me.
- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
 And pay thy death with scorn ;
 Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
 And sharpen every thorn.
- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above ;
 And can we ever part ?
- 4 Ah, no ! with thee I'll walk below,
 My journey to the grave ;
 To whom my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save.

124.—L. M. *Love.* [New Arrang. 391.]

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God,
 Paternal goodness marks thy name ;
 Thy praises, through thy high abode,
 The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

- 2 Freely thou gavest thy dearest Son,
For man, to suffer, bleed, and die :
And bidd'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see,
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace,
Draw and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish, wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there, to stray no more.

125.—8s. *Longing for Christ.* [New Ar. 392.]

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see.
The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice ;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.
- 2 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind ;
While blest with the sense of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;

Or take me up to thee, on high,
Where winter and cloud are no more.

126.—L. M. *Christ's Love.* [New Ar. 393.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare.
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray ;
All pain before its presence flies :
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O let thy love, my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind ;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love in sufferings be my peace ;
'Thy love in weakness make me strong ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
'Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

127.—7s. *Lovest thou me ?* [New Ar. 394.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care,
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 " Mine, is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

128.—L. M. *The Christian's Pattern.* [N. A. 395.]

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will ;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

129.—L. M. *Conformity to Christ.* [N. A. 411.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee :

Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.

3 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive ;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright, how fair,
The precepts of thy gospel are ;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

130.—11s. *Steadfastness.* [New Ar. 408.

1 **S**TAND fast in the faith, 't is the mandate of God,
Once utter'd in anguish, once written in blood ;
From the cross of the Lord, from the throne in the
sky,

It was breathed over earth, it is utter'd on high.

2 Stand fast in the faith ; bold apostles have died
With the words on their lips, careless who might
deride ;

Confessors and martyrs, 'mid torture and flame,
Have drunk in its accents, and welcomed the shame.

3 Stand fast in the faith, for the church of the Lord
Hath inscribed on her banner the glorious word ;
O'er all her bright cohorts, its glory display'd,
And blazon'd on harness, and buckler, and blade.

4 Stand fast in the faith ; there are those at thy side
Who can vanquish the foe in his ramparts of pride ;
Be loyal, be valiant ; thy heart to inspire,
Lo ! the chariots of God, and the horses of fire.

5 Stand fast in the faith ; though the conflict is hot,
 The field hath no strife where thy Captain is not ;
 His eye is upon thee, thou hear'st what he saith :
 " Ho ! quit you like men, and stand fast in the
 faith."

6 Stand fast in the faith ! though the faithless may
 flee,
 We will peril our *all*, dear Redeemer, for thee ;
 We *will stand* in the conflict, assured that thine
 arm
 Shall shield ev'ry soldier from peril and harm.

131.—L. M. *Power of Faith.* [N. A. 409.]

1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as night :
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
 She bids the pearly gates appear :
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith beholds a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abr'am by divine command,
 Left his own home to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

132.—C. M. *Christian Activity.* [N. A. 415]

1 RISE from the dust, my drowsy soul,
 Awake, awake, for God ;
 See, boundless floods of pleasure roll
 Around his blest abode.

- 2 Rouse up and seize the starry crown,
Nor grovelling lie below ;
Exertion leads to high renown,
But sloth to endless wo.
- 3 Dangerous and steep is the ascent,
To Zion's lofty hill ;
Nor can the soul that's negligent,
Th' important task fulfil.
- 4 A thousand duties must be done,
A thousand lusts destroy'd ;
Th' immortal prize must first be won,
Before it is enjoy'd.
- 5 Great God, my drooping powers revive,
The love of sin subdue ;
Short is the time I have to live,
Yet so much work to do.

133.—C. M. *Spiritual Sloth.* [New Ar. 416.]

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul,
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
How they will toil and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven to gain,
How negligent we live.
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
To labour for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

- 5 Lord, shall we be indiff'rent still,
 And never act our parts?
 Spirit Divine, O come, and fill,
 And purify our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise,
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 We'll fly and take the prize.

134.—L. M. *Christian Race.* [New Ar. 417.]

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
 Believers drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 O, may we mount to thine abode;
 On wings of love to Jesus fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

135.—C. M. *Self-denial.* [New Ar. 418.]

- 1 **S** TRAIT is the way—the door is strait,
 Which leads to joys on high;

'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd ;
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 The tongue—that most unruly power—
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

4 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

136.—7s 5s. *The Armour.* [New Ar. 419.]

1 **H**EIRS of an immortal crown,
Heed not every foeman's frown,
Tread the powers of darkness down,
Through Jehovah's might :
Though they oft in wrath arise,
Like the tempest of the skies,
He can fill them with surprise,
From his heav'nly height.

2 Soldier, in the tented field
Ply thy helmet, sword, and shield,
-Till the line of battle yield,
And before thee flee :
In thine armour, fearless stand,
Girded by Jehovah's hand,
Till within the promised land,
He shall set thee free.

137.—L. M. *Christian Warfare.* [New Ar. 421.]

1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fear,
And gird the gospel armour on ;

March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But vanquish'd are those threat'ning foes ;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite ;
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel,
'T is but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace,
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

138.—C. M. *Watch and Pray.* [New Ar. 422]

1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way,
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears,
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid :

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismay'd.

4 Do thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail :
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

39—C. M. *Watch and Pray.* [New Ar. 431.]

1 **T**HE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray,
To those who seek its power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife ;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day ;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come,
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice ;
And walk as thou hast mark'd the way
To heaven's eternal joys.

40.—S. M. *Watchfulness.* [New Ar. 427.]

1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch—'t is your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found,
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand
And raise that favour'd servant's head.
Amidst th' angelic band.

141.—C. M. *True and false Zeal.* [New Ar. 414.]

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 3 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

- 5 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
 And from our hearts remove ;
 And let no zeal by us be shown,
 But that which springs from love.

142.—L. M. *Christian Consistency.* [N. A. 412.]

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, grant that we
 May more and more resemble thee ;
 Daily from strength to strength proceed,
 Christians in name, and so in deed.
- 2 In our whole lives may we express
 The truth and energy of grace ;
 A lively faith, an humble fear,
 And be in truth what we appear.
- 3 By our exact obedience show,
 What we to thy rich mercy owe ;
 And thus a bright example give,
 To teach the world how they should live.
- 4 Not tire, nor stop, but still press on,
 To finish well the course begun ;
 And then receive the great reward,
 For such, and only such, prepared.

143.—7s. *Onward.* [New Arrang. 410.]

- 1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,
 We should trust and still obey ;
 He who bids us forward go,
 Will instruct the way to know.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
 Though a passage seems denied—
 Fearless let us still proceed,
 Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
 Though we trace no ray of light,

Since the Lord himself is there,
'T is not meet that we should fear.

4 Night, with him, is always bright,
Where he is, there all is light ;
When he calls us, why delay ?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we 're here,
Him to follow without fear ;
Where he calls us, there to go,
What he bids us, that to do.

144.—L. M. Heavenly-Mindedness. [New. Ar. 443.]

1 **O**, THAT my grovelling thoughts could rise.
And rest on things above the skies ;
Where Christ, my Lord, in glory bright,
Sits clothed in robes of heavenly light.

2 Why should my heart descend so low,
To brood on earth, a world of wo,
While heaven, where endless pleasures roll,
Waits to entrance the new-born soul.

3 Sickly, and weak, and languid, **L**,
Now flutter, and attempt to fly ;
But earth, and sense, and guilt combined
Hang heavily upon my mind.

4 Saviour, let thine attractions be
But felt in all their force by me,
Then shall I mount on wings of love,
And fix, and dwell "on things above."

145.—L. M. Christian Caution. [New Ar. 429.]

1 **I**S it a thing of good report
To squander life and time away ?
To cut the hours of duty short
While toys and follies waste the day.

2 Doth it become the Christian name,
To venture near the tempter's door,
To sort with men of evil fame,
And yet presume to stand secure ?

3 Am I my own sufficient guard
While I expose my soul to shame ?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name ?

4 O, may it be my constant choice
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heavenly joys
And never-fading honours grow.

146.—L. M. *Contentment.* [New Ar. 448.]

1 **F**OUNTAIN of blessing, ever blest,
Enriching all, of all possess'd ;
By whom the whole creation's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

2 To thee my very life I owe,
From thee do all my comforts flow ;
And ev'ry blessing which I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire ;
Content with little would I be ;
That little, Lord, must come from thee.

4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more ;
With Agur's wish, I'm satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.

147.—C. M. *Christian Charity.* [New Ar. 451.]

1 **L**ORD, when our offerings we present
Before thy gracious throne,

We but return what thou hast lent,
And give thee of thine own.

2 The power and willingness to give,
Alike proceed from thee ;
We still are debtors, since we live
Only by thy decree.

3 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe ;
And if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
Accept our willing mind.

4 O Lord, our contributions bless,
For their appointed end ;
And crown with happiest success,
The cause that we befriend.

148.—P. M. *Following Christ.* [New Ar. 445]

1 **L**OOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne !
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a glorious crown :
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.

2 Believing in his name,
They in his footsteps trod ;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood ;
Lo ! now they reign with him above,
Behold his face, and sing his love.

3 And shall we not aspire,
Like them, our course to run ?
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be *won* :
Divinely taught, they show'd the way,
First to *believe*, and then *obey*.

149.—7s.

Meditation.

[New Ar. 442.]

- 1 CHRISTIAN, wouldst thou know the joy
Pure religion can impart ?
Let her truths thy mind employ,
Firmly fix thy roving heart—
Till her radiance round thee shine,
With an influence all divine.
- 2 Think, who fills a Father's throne ;
How in righteousness he reigns ;
What perfections he hath shown,
And unchangeable remains :
Countless worlds proclaim his power,
And his glorious name adore.
- 3 Think of all that heavenly grace,
Which in Christ, the Lord, appears,
Till the vision of his face,
A celestial glory wears :
While the eye of faith may view
Wonders still forever new.
- 4 Think upon that Spirit pure,
Who the love of God reveals ;
Shows the promise ever sure,
And, within, his witness seals :
Think upon his hallow'd name,
Till his love thy soul inflame.
- 5 God is holy, just and good,
Thou art sinful, weak and vile ;
Blessings by his hand bestow'd,
Round thy habitation smile :
These should charm thy heart to love,
These should fix thy thoughts above.
- 6 Dost thou now in sadness mourn,
And the tear of anguish shed.
Child of hope, to God return ;
Lift on high thy drooping head :

Rays celestial round thee shine ;
Heaven and all its joys are thine.

150.—C. P. M. *Heavenly-Mindedness.* [N. A. 446.

- 1 **W**ITH eyes of faith and wings of love,
My soul would upward rise ;
And converse hold with things above,
And all that heavenly influence prove,
Which grace divine supplies.
- 2 But sin will oft my heart betray,
And cares from morn till e'en
Command my lab'ring thoughts away,
And my affections far astray
From happiness and heaven.
- 3 Heaven is the portion of my soul,
My treasure and my joy ;
There 's " naught on earth, from pole to pole,"
Where mountains rise or oceans roll,
That should my heart employ.
- 4 Upward, still upward, let me soar,
While in this vale of tears ;
Till earthly cares and toils are o'er,
And sin shall wound my heart no more—
When heaven itself appears.

151.—C. M. *A Christian Life.* [New Ar. 447.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy souls, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here.
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band—
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

152.—C. M. *Justice and Equity.* [New Ar. 449]

- 1 COME, let us search our ways and try ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done still the same ?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injured his good name ?
- 3 In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is justice our design ?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine.
- 4 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

153.—8s 7s 4s. *Brotherly Love.* [New Ar. 399.]

- 1 **B**RETHREN, let us walk together
 In the bonds of love and peace ;
 Can it be a question whether
 Brethren should from conflict cease ?
 'T is in union,
 Hope, and joy, and love increase.
- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
 Help each other on the road ;
 Foes on ev'ry side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strew'd :
 It behoves us
 Each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our F'ather
 Has forgiven, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn, the rather
 Free from wrath and strife to live ;
 Far removing
 All that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be ;
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free :
 Happy are we
 When in this we all agree.
- 5 Soon our Father will receive us,
 As we hope to dwell above ;
 Nothing then shall harm or grieve us,
 We shall all his goodness prove :
 Wrath and discord
 Ending in eternal love.

154.—C. M. *Christians, one family.* [N. A. 403.]

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtain'd the prize ;

And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.
 Let all the saints terrestrial, sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him ;
 One church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death :
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home,
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And in our turn must die.
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

155.—C. M. *Christian's Wealth.* [New Ar. 336.]

1 “] F Christ is mine,” then all is mine
 And more than angels know ;
 Both present things and things to come,
 And grace and glory too.

2 “ If Christ is mine,” then though he frown,
 He never will forsake ;
 His chastisements all work for good,
 And but his love bespeak.

3 “ If Christ is mine,” I need not fear,
 The rage of earth and hell ;

He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4 "If Christ is mine," let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee ;
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

5 "If Christ is mine," I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me, "I am thine,"
I nothing want beside ;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

156.—C. M. *Confidence in God.* [New Ar. 477.]

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By sorrow sore oppress'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,

That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

157.—S. M. *Confidence in God.* [New Ar. 413.]

1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are,
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

158.—8s 7s. *The Lord is my Helper.* [New Ar. 376.]

1 **O**FT as I look upon the road
That leads to yonder bless'd abode,
I feel distress'd and fearful ;
So many foes the passage throng
I am so weak, and they so strong,
How can my soul be cheerful ?

2 But when I think of him whose power
Can save me in a trying hour,
And place on him reliance ;
My soul is then ashamed of fear,
And, though ten thousand foes appear,
I bid them all defiance.

3 The dangerous road I then pursue,
And keep the glorious prize in view ;
With joyful hope elated ;
Strong in the Lord, in him alone,
Where he conducts I follow on
With ardour unabated.

4 O Lord, each day renew my strength
And let me see thy face at length,
With all thy people yonder ;
With them in heaven thy love declare,
And sing thy praise for ever there,
With gratitude and wonder.

159.—S. M. *Affliction Blessed.* [New Ar. 378.]

1 **H**OW tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord,
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin,
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been.

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew ;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief ;
We thought of Jesus' love ;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide :
For ever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

160.—11s. *Longing for Rest.* [New Ar. 379.]

- 1 **I** AM weary of straying—O fain would I rest.
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no more her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.
- 2 I am weary of hoping—where the hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,
I long for that land, whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless, and sure, as Eternity's throne.
- 3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth ;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot
 assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of
 age.
- 4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas ! may not stay ;
I long for that land, where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love ;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above ?
I am weary—but O, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise
 are mine.

161.—C. M. *Christian Submission.* [New Ar. 380.]

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command ?
Thy love forbids my fears ;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Thou never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Shall be my rich supply ;
 What more I want, or think I do,
 Let wisdom still deny.

162.—7s. *Strength promised.* [New Ar. 381

- 1 **W**AIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee
 Laying hold upon this word,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou mayst see ;
 This is still thy sweet relief—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise, full and free,
 Faithful, positive and sure ;
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

163.—S. M. *Confiding.* [New Arrang. 382.

- 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, I trust,
 My hope is in thy name.
 In righteousness, deliver me,
 Nor put my soul to shame.
- 2 From heaven bow down thine ear,
 My cause in mercy plead :

- My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.
- 3 From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend :
For thy name's sake, O God, my Strength,
Divine protection send.
- 4 Into thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend,
Thou hast redeem'd me, God of truth,
In death be thou my friend.
- 5 I will be glad and praise,
And in thy name rejoice :
In sorrow thou hast known my soul,
And heard my suppliant voice.

164.—*Ss. The Christian's Portion.* [New Ar. 383.]

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Strength, and my Song,
The Lord is my Life, and my Light,
His praises shall dwell on my tongue,
Though plunged in the darkness of night :
Temptations and trials must come,
Chastisements, afflictions severe ;
Yet these shall but hasten me home
And bid me in glory appear.
- 2 My spirit is burden'd with grief,
And fainting with sorrow and care,
To Jesus I'll fly for relief,
I'll seek for deliverance there :
How tender and gracious thou art,
My Saviour, my Shepherd, my Friend,
Still rule in this desolate heart,
Preserve me, through grace, to the end.
- 3 Yes, thou art my Strength, and my Song,
The Guide of my pilgrimage here ;

And though tribulation be strong
 Thy love can preserve me from fear :
 Still, still let me lean on thy breast,
 And pour out my sorrows to thee,
 For there shall my spirit find rest,
 Thy presence, is heaven to me.

165.—8s 7s. *Submission.* [New Ar. 384.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,
 O'er the spoils that death has won,
 We would, at this solemn meeting,
 Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
 Though afflicted, not alone ;
 Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
 Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
- 3 Fill us now with deep contrition,
 Take away these hearts of stone,
 And may all, with true submission,
 Meekly say, "Thy will be done."
- 4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
 Mercy still is on the throne ;
 With thy smiles of love returning,
 We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 5 By thy hands the boon was given,
 Thou hast taken but thine own ;
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore, "Thy will be done."

166—C. M. *Devout Gratitude.* [New Ar. 385.]

- 1 **W**HO can have greater cause to sing,
 Who greater cause to bless,
 Than we, the children of a King,
 Than we, who Christ possess ?

- 2 We late were Satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled—
The sinner's only Friend.
- 3 For this we will employ our tongue,
Nor shall our praises cease ;
We evermore will sing that song,
" The Lord, our righteousness."
- 4 No other God we know but thee,
None else did us create ;
Thy glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate.
- 5 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see ;
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be.
- 6 Nor law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from thee divide,
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us our Saviour died.

167.—C. L. M. *Faith struggling.* [New Ar. 367.]

- 1 **O**, LET' my trembling soul be still;
While darkness veils the sky ;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in mystery ;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well, since ruled by thee.
- 2 Thus, trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on ;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain ?

168.—7s 5s. *God is my Helper.* [New Ar. 374.]

- 1 CHILD of sorrow, child of care,
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And escape from every snare?

Trust in God alone:

Human strength is weak and vain,
Sin will oft its power regain;
Humbly ask, and help obtain,
From thy Father's throne.

- 2 Knowest thou in this vale of tears,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
Painful months, and sorrowing years?

To the Saviour fly.

He that drank the bitter cup,
Bids thee in his mercy hope;
Let thy prayer be lifted up
To his throne on high.

169.—L. M. *Mourning over Sin.* [New Ar. 366]

- 1 SEE a poor sinner, gracious Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

- 2 How oft, deceived by self and pride,
Has my fond heart been turn'd aside;
And, Jonah like, has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.

- 3 Ah, bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

- 4 Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;

Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

- 5 Look to the Lord, his word, his throne ;
Look to his grace, and not thine own ;
There wait and look, and look again,
Thou shalt not wait, nor look in vain.

170.—L. M. *Inconstancy lamented.* [N. A. 369.]

- 1 **A**H ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart ;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away ;
In vain, alas ! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties ;
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn ;
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 5 O, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul ;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

171.—C. M. *Recovered Wanderer.* [New Ar. 370.]

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord ;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy cries, "Return ;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come ;
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my guilt remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine,
 That can to life and bliss restore,
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

172.—*8s. Returning Backsliders.* [N. A. 371.]

- 1 **O** SHEPHERD of Israel, divine !
 Too far from thy fold I have stray'd ;
 What hand can restore me but thine,
 Thus wounded, cast down, and dismay'd ?
 My soul would look upward to thee,
 Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust ;
 No other salvation I see,
 In no other name will I trust.
- 2 Thou, thou art my strength and my shield,
 Henceforth in thy arm I'll confide ;
 The weapons alone I will wield,
 Thy wisdom and mercy provide :
 Salvation belongs to the Lord,
 Deliv'rance must come from his hand ;
 O ! who would not trust in his word,
 Acknowledge his right to command.

- 3 O Shepherd of Israel, divine,
 Thy life-giving presence I feel ;
 Let the light of thy countenance shine,
 Thine arm now in mercy reveal :
 For strength and deliv'rance I wait ;
 On thee in my trouble I call,
 My sinful backslidings I hate,
 Uphold me, dear Lord, or I fall.

173.—L.M. 61. *Returning Backslider.* [N. A. 372.]

- 1 **W**EAR Y of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow beneath the rod ;
 To him with penitence I mourn.
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O, Jesus, full of pard'ning grace ;
 More full of grace than I of guilt ;
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Whose precious blood for man was spill'd ;
 O, freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the dying sinner still.
- 3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin,
 A godly fear to me impart ;
 Implant and root it deep within,
 That I may know thy sov'reign power,
 And never dare offend thee more.

174.—L.M. *The Backslider's Prayer.* [N. A. 373]

- 1 **O**, TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
 Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
 Nor let th' offences of my hand
 Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
 A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,

Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 O let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
Has urged from thee, blest Lord, to stray,
From me thy heav'nly precepts learn,
And, humbled, to their God return.

175.—C. P. M. *In Darkness.* [New Ar. 364.]

1 **I** MOURN the hidings of thy face,
The absence of that smile,
That sweetly fill'd a throne of grace,
And gave my heart a resting place,
From earthly care and toil.

2 How sad and desolate the night !
How gloomy is the day ?
Nature no more can charm the sight,
Afford one comfort or delight,
Without thy cheering ray.

3 Oft in the lone and silent hour,
I tell my tale of grief ;
In tears of tenderness implore,
The presence of thy healing power,
But tears bring no relief.

4 'T is sin that separates from thee,
This poor benighted soul ;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
Submit to thy control.

5 Up to the place of thine abode,
I lift my darken'd eye ;

To thee, O bleeding Lamb of God,
Whence all the springs of life have flow'd,
To thee, I raise my cry.

- 6 O, wilt thou lend a list'ning ear,
And answer my request :
Forgive and wipe the falling tear,
And with thy love my spirit cheer.
And set my heart at rest.

176.—L. M. *Affliction Sanctified.* [New Ar. 363.]

- 1 **A** MIDST these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod ?
- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts ! I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain ;
Smiles, that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.
- 3 Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine ;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 4 Lord Jesus, smoothe that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

177.—C. M. *Submission and Hope.* [N. A. 362.]

- 1 **A** FFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace ;

And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And press'd on every side ;
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my Guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my God !

178.—C.M. *Inconstancy Lamented.* [New At 375

1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night ?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish of my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to win my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so :

Where will those wild affections roll,
That let my Saviour go ?

- 6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.

THE CHURCH.

179.—*Ss 7s. The Glories of the Church.* [N. A. 468.]

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river,
Onward flows her thirst t' assuage—
Grace, which like the Lord—the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Forms thee for his own abode.

180.—L. M. *Admission of Members.* [N. Ar. 471]

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake,
The joys which he alone can give.
- 2 To you and us, by grace 't is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what his mercy will bestow.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And think upon that glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

181.—L. M. *Young Converts.* [New Ar. 472.]

- 1 **W**ELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,
To this rich gospel feast of love ;
This pledge is but the prelude given
To that immortal feast above.
- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold by faith, communion sweet,
With Christ our dear and common Lord,
- 3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,

Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love.

- 4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,
Whilst list'ning worlds the song approve ;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

182.—S. M. *Public Worship.* [New Ar. 475.]

1 **H**OW pleased was I to hear
The friends of Zion say,
Now to her courts let us repair
And keep the solemn day.

2 Hither the rich and poor,
Their various offerings bring,
And in harmonious strains adore,
Their Maker, and their King.

3 Here beams of mercy shine,
And streams of goodness flow ;
Here we may feast on joys divine
And taste of heaven below.

4 Here I would ever stay ;
Or if I must remove,
Come, angels, bear me swift away,
To brighter scenes above.

183.—12s 11s. *The House of God.* [New Ar. 470.]

1 **T**HERE 'S a refuge of peace, from the tempests
that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, from the wild
wind that blows,
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.

2 'Tis the house of my God—'tis the dwelling of
prayer—

'Tis the temple all hallow'd by blessing and
praise ;

If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me there,
My heart to the throne of his grace I can raise.

3 For a refuge like this, Oh ! what praises are due
For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair ;

Ah, why are the seasons of worship so few ?

Ah, why are so seldom the meetings of prayer ?

184.—C. M. *Church's Appeal.* [New Ar. 473.]

1 **W**HY shouldst thou linger to obey
Thy Saviour's great command ?
Why from his blessed gospel feast
At awful distance stand ?

2 Why shouldst thou not his death record,
And with his people join,
To take the sacramental bread,
And sacramental wine ?

3 Why shouldst thou say " I am too young ?"
Or fear thou art unfit ?
Shouldst thou not love the Saviour's name,
And to his yoke submit ?

4 Why shouldst thou hesitate to go,
And friendly counsel take ?
His servants may resolve thy doubts
And words of comfort speak.

5 Arise, arise, go, seek advice ;
And if thou art sincere,
With haste obey thy dying Lord,
And with his saints appear.

185.—L. M. *The Church.* [New Ar. 469.]

1 **W**E are a garden, wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;

A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all our springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
 - 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume,
Spirit divine, descend and breathe,
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
 - 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour, God,
Let faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And every grace be active here.
-

MISSIONARY CONCERT.

186.—P. M. *Invocation.* [New Arrang. 564.]

1 **R**ISE, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 O, bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise ;
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.
Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth thy glorious power ;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to thee.

God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.

187.—C. M. *The Gospel Light.* [New Ar. 565]

1 **S**TRETCH, O my soul, thy ardent wing,
And hail the dawning light ;
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring
Of infinite delight.

2 Soon shall the glorious eastern star
Above the mountains rise ;
And rays celestial, beaming far,
Illumine e'en polar skies.

3 If angels in their sphere rejoice,
One rescued soul to greet,
How will they raise th' enraptured voice,
Whole continents to meet.

4 Siberia spreads her frozen arms,
Released from sin and chains ;
And Sharon's rose exhales its charms
On Afric's sultry plains.

5 From Java to the furthest west
The heavenly light shall reach ;
And truth divine its power attest
In every clime and speech.

6 Shed, Sun of Righteousness, thy rays
On every land of night ;
Till all the heathen sing thy praise,
And hail the cheerful light.

188.—L. M. *Thy Kingdom come.* [New Ar. 566.]

1 **G**REAT King of Zion, now arise,
Thy glorious promises fulfil ;
Behold thy church in mourning lies,
Yet waiting for thy mercy still.

- 2 O God, how long ? thy people cry ;
When shall our prayers acceptance gain ?
Look from thy lofty throne on high,
And break the prisoners' heavy chain.
- 3 Let Asia's millions hear thy voice ;
Send them thy heralds to proclaim
Salvation—bid them soon rejoice
In Jesus, our Emanuel's name.
- 4 Let Africa, with all her tribes,
Be rescued from the spoiler's hand ;
Nor lust of power, nor golden bribes,
Draw murderers there to waste her land.
- 5 Let every nation under heaven,
In all their various tongues receive
The glorious gospel thou hast given,
Renounce their idols, and believe.

189.—S.M. *Glory of Christ's Kingdom.* [N.A. 567.]

- 1 JESUS, the King, shall live,
Shall reign for evermore ;
To him, her gold, shall Sheba give,
And all her treasures pour.
- 2 For him the ceaseless prayer,
Like sweet perfume shall rise ;
While ev'ry day his praise shall bear
Above the lofty skies.
- 3 As seed on mountains shed,
His rising church shall grow ;
Like trees on Lebanon's high head,
Its plenteous harvests show
- 4 Her sons, a numerous train,
In Zion's gates shall spread,
As grass which fills the verdant plains,
And clothes the flowery mead.

190.—L. M. *The People perish.* [New Ar 568.]

- 1 **T**HE heathen perish ; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away.
O Christians, to their rescue fly ;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give—
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for *you*,
And what for *him*, will ye not do ?
- 3 Thou, Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north ;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

191.—8s 7s 4s. *God with us.* [New Ar. 569.]

- 1 **G**OD is with us in our meeting ;
Here he makes his mercy known ;
While his praises we 're repeating,
He approves us as his own.
Hallelujah,
This is heaven begun below.
- 2 God is with us in our labours ;
Forward let us boldly press ;
Heathen nations are our neighbours,
Let us soften their distress
Hallelujah,
God will hence our efforts bless.
- 3 In his cause we now assemble,
All our hearts and aims are one ;
Idol priests begin to tremble,
Idol gods are overthrown.
Hallelujah,
Let Jehovah reign alone.

- 4 Fired with holy expectation,
Let us spread the gospel wide ;
Soon shall every heathen nation
Trust in Jesus crucified.
Hallelujah,
God is still upon our side.

192.—8s 7s 4s. *Missions.* [New Ar. 570.]

- 1 **A**ID us, God of love and mercy ;
Aid us to extend thy name :
Aid us, through each heathen nation,
All thy goodness to proclaim ;
And to tell them,
That for them a Saviour came.
- 2 May they know their great Redeemer,
Who for them, though strangers, died ;
May they look with deep repentance,
To their Saviour crucified ;
Leave their idols,
And desire no God beside.
- 3 O, be there thy name extended,
And thy love and mercy known ;
Turn them from their vain inventions ;
May they live to thee alone :
And O, claim them ;
Claim them, Saviour, for thine own.

193.—C. M. *Blessing sought.* [New Ar. 571.]

- 1 **B**E merciful to us, O God ;
Upon thy people shine ;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live be thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to thine own ;
And let thy light extend,

Till thy prevailing name be known,
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;
Let all, their homage bring.

From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

4 Let all the people praise thee,—Lord,
Then earth her fruits shall give ;
Thy blessing shall on all be pour'd,
And all to thee shall live.

194.—8s 7s 4s. *A Light to lighten, &c.* [N. A. 512.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze ;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring ;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word ; at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land.
Lord, be with them,
Always—to the end of time.

195.—8s 7s. *Spread of the Gospel.* [N. A. 573.]

- 1 **K**ING of Zion, give the order,
Send thy light and truth abroad,
O, let Zion stretch her border,
Zion, favour'd of her God.
- 2 Thou canst form the zealous preacher,
Thou canst light and love impart ;
Send thy word to every creature,
Send it to the sinner's heart.
- 3 O, let many now be ready
To go forth, at thy command,
Men of faith, approved and steady—
Leaving all at thy command.
- 4 Send thy truth to every region,
Let the distant people hear ;
Let them turn from false religion,
And to truth alone give ear.

196.—8s 7s. *The Christian Call.* [New Ar. 574.]

- 1 **C**HRISTIAN, up ! the day is breaking,
Gird your ready armour on ;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
Rouse ye ! in the Lord be strong.
- 2 See ; the blest millennial dawning,
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star ;
Eastern lands, behold the morning,
Lo ! it glimmers from afar.
- 3 While ye sleep or idly linger,
Thousands sink with none to save ;
Hasten ! Time's unerring finger
Points to many an open grave.

- 4 Hark ! unnumber'd voices crying,
 " Save us, or we droop and die ! "
 Succour bear the faint and dying,
 On the wings of mercy fly.
- 5 Lead them to the crystal fountain,
 Gushing with the streams of life ;
 Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
 For the gate with death is rife.
- 6 O'er the mountain-top ascending,
 Soon the scatter'd light shall rise,
 Till, in radiant glory blending,
 Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

197.—8s 7s. *Latter-Day Glory.* [New Ar 575

- 1 **H**ARK ! a cry among the nations—
 " Come, and let us seek the Lord ;
 Vain our former expectations,
 Vain the idols we adored ;
 Zion's King is God alone,
 Let us bow before his throne."
- 2 See ! from every quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round ;
 Love in every heart is glowing,
 Praise is heard in every sound.
 While Jehovah shows his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.
- 3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,
 Now are instruments of peace ;
 They who taste the living water,
 Learn from war and strife to cease ;
 Jesus reigns ! the earth is still ;
 All the nations do his will.

198.—C. P. M. *Prayer for the Heathen.* [N. A. 576]

1 **G**OD of the nations, bow thine ear,
 And listen to our fervent prayer,
 Through thy beloved Son :
 Build up the kingdom of his grace,
 Amid the millions of our race,
 And make thy wonders known.

2 Send forth the heralds in his name,
 Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 Till every land shall hear the sound,
 And send the joyful echoes round,
 Amid the shades of death

3 O let the nations rise and bring
 Their off'rings to th' Almighty King,
 And trust in him alone ;
 Renounce their idols, and adore
 The God of gods for evermore,
 Upon his lofty throne.

4 The dying millions then shall prove
 The matchless power of bleeding love,
 And feel their sins forgiven ;
 Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
 And raise on high redemption's song,
 Along the path to heaven.

199.—8s 7s 4s. *Fountain of Life.* [New Ar. 577.]

1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow !
 God has open'd there a fountain
 That supplies the plains below :
 They are blessed,
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels, flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way ;

Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Making all around look gay :
 O ye nations !
 Hail the long-expected day.

- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
 All enriching as it goes ;
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose :
 Every object
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
 Yield their fruit to all around ;
 Those who eat are saved from mourning,
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound ;
 Fair their portion—
 Endless life, with glory crown'd.

200.—S. M. *Spread of the Gospel.* [New Ar 578]

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, arise,
 The cause of truth maintain ;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
 Extend thy healing wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 Let all on earth arise,
 To God the Saviour sing,
 From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring !

201.—11s 10s. *Millennium.* [New Ar. 579.]

- 1 **H**AIL, to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail, to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews, the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high ;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

202.—7s 6s. *The Gospel Banner.* [New Ar. 580.]

- 1 **N**OW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout, Hcsanna,
Re-echoed through the world :
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine ?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine ;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Emanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious ;
Thy empire still increase.

- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings,
 Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
 Each ransom'd captive sings :
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

203.—7s 6s. *Send the Gospel.* [New Ar. 531.]

- 1 **S**END, send the gospel message,
 In every language send ;
 Give it a speedy passage,
 To gain its glorious end ;
 God, from on high, commands us,
 We may not now delay ;
 The heathen, too, implore us—
 They perish day by day.
- 2 Freely have come our blessings ;
 How freely still bestow'd ;
 'T is love, the soul impressing,
 Would send these gifts abroad :
 We all were outcast aliens,
 Exposed to death and wo ;
 Our distant fathers, pagans,
 Bound to their idols too.
- 3 How can we, to the heathen,
 Say, *Perish in your sins ?*
 Nor labour now to free them,
 And guide to joyful scenes ;
 How can our hearts so harden,
 When we deserve to die,
 As not to tell of pardon—
 And help, to Jesus fly ?

- 4 Proclaim aloud the Saviour ;
 Far, far let him be known ;
 Let each implore his favour,
 Let prayer besiege the throne :
 In labours, all, assistant,
 Conspire to spread his grace,
 Till lands to us most distant,
 Shall learn to seek his face.

204.—7s. *Tell us of the Night.* [New Ar. 582.]

- 1 **W**ATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?
 Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See the glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray,
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night :
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams, alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Trav'ler, ages are its own ;
 See it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn :
 Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home :
 Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

205.—7s 6s. *Christ on Earth.* [New Ar. 583]

- 1 **W**HEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along :
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All, hallelujah swelling
In one eternal round.

206.—L. M. *Prayer for Labourers.* [New Ar. 584.]

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear ;
O send forth labourers fill'd with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.
- 2 Hast thou not bid us fervent pray
For help in such a trying day ?
Wilt thou not listen, when we cry,
And send the blessing from on high ?
- 3 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The rip'ning harvest tinged with gold,
Wide fields are op'ning to our view,
The work is great, the lab'ers few.
- 4 Under the guidance of thy hand
Let Zion's sons in many a band
Arise, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

- 5 Bid all their hearts with ardour glow,
 As gospel messengers to go,
 And publish the inspiring sound
 Far as the race of man is found.
- 6 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
 Train'd by the influence of the skies,
 In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
 Till every kingdom shall be thine.

207.—H. M. *The Gospel.* [New Ar. 585.]

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! the notes of joy,
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains
 And seraphs find employ.
 For their sublimest strains.
 Some new delight in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend ;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend.
 He comes to bless our fallen race,
 He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear ! bear the tidings round,
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found ;
 What pity he can show.
 Ye winds, that blow—ye waves, that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike ! strike the harps again,
 To greet Emanuel's name ;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And loud his grace proclaim.
 Angels, and men, wake every string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

208.—L. M. *Spread of the Gospel.* [New Ar. 586.]

- 1 **B**EHOLD the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days ;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Wher'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman—Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

209.—S. M. *Christ's Reign.* [New Ar. 587.]

- 1 **G**REAT heir of David's throne !
Thy royal power assume ;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blest Redeemer, come.
- 2 Set up thy throne of grace
In all the heathen's sight—
Thy kingdom of true holiness—
And order it aright.
- 3 Now, for thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be :
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to thee.
- 4 In zeal for God and man,
Thy full salvation bring :
The universal Monarch reign,
The saints' eternal King.

210.—L. M. *Success of the Gospel.* [New Ar. 588.]

- 1 **S**OON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell ;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

211.—8s 7s 4s. *Spirit sought.* [New Ar. 589.]

- 1 **W**HO but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach—but till thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same :
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days :
Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise :
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,
Must be vain without thine aid :
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said :
Faithful Spirit,
O'er the world thine influence shed.

212.—C. M. *Thy Will be done.* [New Ar. 590.]

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, let thy power divine
O'er all the earth be known ;
Let all, to thee, their will resign,
And make thy will their own.
- 2 Perversion marks the guilty way,
Which heathens madly tread ;
From all thy laws they go astray,
And hasten to the dead.
- 3 Thou, Saviour-God, hast power alone
To turn their wand'ring feet,
To bend their souls before thy throne,
Low at thy mercy-seat.
- 4 For, all the power, beneath, above,
Thy wounded hands sustain ;
Then sway the sceptre of thy love,
And let thy mercy reign.

213.—L. M. *The Latter Day Glory.* [N. A. 591.]

- 1 **W**HEN will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ;
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee.
- 2 Hasten it, Lord, in every land ;
Send thou thine angels, and command,
" Go, sound deliv'rance, loudly blow—
Salvation to the saints below."
- 3 We long to have the day appear,
The promised, great sabbatic year ;
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 4 Till then, we will not let thee rest :
Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

214.—L. M. *Success anticipated.* [New Ar. 592.]

- 1 **B**EHOLD, th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

215.—8s 7s 4s. *Without Hope.* [New Ar. 593.]

- 1 **W**HO can tell what notes of sadness
From the hills and valleys rise,
Where no messages of gladness,
Echo from the bending skies.
Where in darkness,
Without hope the sinner dies.
- 2 O how desolate the dwelling,
Where our God is not revered ;
Where no song of praise is swelling,
Nor the voice of prayer is heard ;
Where religion's
Cheering rays have ne'er appear'd !
- 3 Where the seeds of sin are growing,
And the paths of folly lie ;

Where the streams of death are flowing,
 With destruction ever nigh ;
 Bid the gospel
 Wave its peaceful banners high.

216.—8s 7s. *Church's Appeal.* [New Ar. 594.]

- 1 “ **G**O and preach to ev'ry creature !”
 Such the Saviour's last command,
 Not excepting hue or feature,
 Burning clime, or barb'rous land.
- 2 Look to China's countless millions ;
 Look to Afric's dark-hued race ;
 Look to Araby's pavilions,
 Nation after nation trace.
- 3 They are sinking, they are dying,
 Losing heavenly bliss above ;
 Loud to us their voice is crying,
 “ Come, and save us, in your love !”
- 4 Who is ready now to sever
 Bands that round his heart entwine ?
 Who will go, resolving never,
 Under sufferings, to repine.

217.—7s 6s. *Departure of a Missionary.* [N.A. 595.]

- 1 **G**O, for the Master calls thee,
 Nor shed one bitter tear ;
 No bondage hard enthral's thee,
 Nor hast thou aught to fear :
 To him, we now commend thee,
 Who rules above the skies ;
 Whose blessing will attend thee,
 Where'er thy pathway lies.
- 2 Go, in the midst of dangers,
 Declare a Saviour's love ;
 Till list'ning heathen strangers,
 His willing subjects prove ;

Till many a crowd 'assembling,
 Shall hearken to his voice ;
 Confess their guilt with trembling,
 And in his name rejoice.

- 3 Go, for the Master calls thee
 Far from thy native home ;
 Whatever there befalls thee,
 Whatever ills may come,
 He is thy strong salvation ;
 His presence thou shalt share ;
 He 'll hear thy supplication,
 And answer every prayer.

218.—7s 6s. *Departure of Missionaries.* [N. A. 596.]

- 1 **R**OLL on, thou mighty ocean,
 And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy,
 To every vale of wo ;
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to their destined shore ;
 That men may sit in darkness
 And death's black shade no more.

- 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Deliver them from harm ;
 Thy presence still be with them
 Wherever they may be ;
 Though far from those who love them,
 Let them be nigh to thee.

219.—C. M. *Be not afraid, &c.* [New Ar. 597.]

- 1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
 Ye favour'd men of God ;
 Go, publish, through Emanuel's name,
 Salvation bought with blood.

- 2 What though your arduous track may lie,
Through regions dark as death—
What, though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path.
- 3 Yet with determined courage go,
And arm'd with power divine:
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labours shine.
- 4 He who has call'd you to the war,
Will recompense your pains.
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Shall mountains sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes,
Shall bow before his cross.

220.—8s 7s 4s. *Missionary Call.* [New Ar. 598.]

- 1 **M**EN of God, go, take your stations;
Where darkness broods upon the earth:
Loud proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth.
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 3 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Saviour's reign;
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men.
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

- 4 When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus is your faithful Friend ;
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

221.—S. M. *Missionary Call.* [New Ar. 599.]

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve,
 Will needful strength bestow ;
 Depending on his promised aid,
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose ;
 The cause is God's, and will prevail,
 In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread the Saviour's fame ;
 And tell his matchless grace,
 To the most guilty and depraved
 Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
 The most divine success ;
 Assured that he who sends you forth
 Will all your labours bless.

222.—8s 7s. *For Missionaries.* [New Ar. 600.]

- 1 **S**OFTLY blow, ye fav'ring breezes,
 Winds of heaven, propitious smile,
 Speed the ship across the ocean,
 Safely to her destined isle.

- Now she rides the bounding billow,
 Proudly urging on her way ;
 He who holds the storm is with her,
 God, the missionary's stay.
- 2 Fathers ! faint not ; those departing
 To a friendless heathen shore ;
 Go to toil mid scenes of peril,
 Where Emanuel toil'd before.
 Mothers ! weep not ; those your offspring
 Bound to yonder pagan coast,
 Go to reap the noblest laurel—
 Go to seek the poor and lost.
- 3 Who are these that haste to greet thee,
 King of men ! in gathering clouds ?
 Who are these that fly to meet thee,
 Rapidly as summer's clouds ?
 Lo ! the ships of Tarshish bearing
 Nobler freight than Ophir saw ;
 Thither, where the isles are waiting,
 Waiting for Messiah's law.
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JEWISH CONCERT.

223.— 7s 6s. *The Salvation of Israel.* [N. A. 601.]

- 1 **O**, THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home.
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity ;
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart ;

Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart ;

- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

224.—8s 7s 4s. *Zion Comforted.* [New Ar. 602.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands ;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, *thy* God, will now restore thee !
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past ;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

225.—8s. *Israel's Restoration.* [New Ar. 603.

- 1 **T**HE Song of Israel is hush'd,
And all their tales of triumph told,

- And mute is every voice that gush'd,
In music to their harps of gold.
- 2 A cloud is on their fathers' grave,
And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
E'en there their sons are scorn'd as slaves,
Or roam like homeless wanderers still.
- 3 Yet 'mid the world's tumultuous roar,
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,
"O, virgin daughter, faint no more,
Thy tears are seen—thy prayers are heard."
- 4 What, though with spirits crush'd and broke,
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
Though Judah feels the strangers' yoke,
And Ephraim is a heartless dove.
- 5 Yet, yet, shall Judah's Lion wake,
And the bright day of promise come,
Thy sons their iron bondage break,
And God shall lead the wanderers home.

226.—L. M. *Plea for Jacob.* [New Ar. 604.]

- 1 **A**RISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

227.—L. M. *Help for Israel.* [New Ar. 605.]

- 1 **O**, WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of Heaven, by men oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?
- 2 O God of Jacob, view their race;
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own—
The Lord he crucified, to love
- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet, one temple throng;
One God, with grateful praise, adore.

228.—8s 6s. *Plea for Israel.* [New Ar. 606.]

- 1 **T**HE promise we for Israel plead,
O, that the once beloved seed
Back to their Lord might come!
Now bid them look on thee and mourn;
Where'er dispersed, collect and turn,
And bring thy wanderers home.
- 2 To Jews the gospel faith impart,
And pastors after thine own heart,
Thine ancient flock to feed
With knowledge of the crucified,
The Lord, who by their malice died,
And suffer'd in their stead.

229.—L. M. *Hope for Israel.* [New Ar. 607.]

- 1 **I**SRAEL, thy mournful night is past,
Thy bitter cup wrung out at last,

A day of rest to thee is given,
The promise is laid up in heaven.

2 The Lord will not forget the grace
Reserved for faithful Abr'am's race ;
His love their wand'rings shall restore,
And guide them, that they stray no more.

3 Israel ! 't is thine accepted day,
Thy God, himself, prepares the way—
Behold his ensign from afar,
Behold the light of Jacob's star.

4 That star, which once o'er Bethlehem rose,
A token on thy mountains glows ;
The morn of earth's blest jubilee
Sheds its sweet early light on thee.

5 And thou, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found—
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call that ancient church thine own.

6 Bid her departed light return,
Thy holy splendour round her burn ;
From prostrate Judah's ruins, raise
A living temple to thy praise.

230.—11s. *Zion Encouraged.* [New Ar. 608.]

1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more,
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that
pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power, that hath saved
thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
Shout—for the foe is destrøy'd that enslaved
thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

231.—7s. *Zion enlarged.* [New Arrang. 609.]

- 1 “**G**IVE us room, that we may dwell,”
Zion's children cry aloud :
See their numbers—how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud.

- 2 O, how bright the morning seems,
Brighter, from so dark a night ;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight.

- 3 Lo, thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light ;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

- 4 Zion, now arise and shine,
Lo, thy light from heaven is come ;
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room.

REVIVAL.

232.—L. M. *Revival sought.* [New Ar 614.]

- 1 **O** GOD of Zion, from the skies,
In mercy bow thy gracious ear ;

While Zion's watchmen raise their cries,
Do thou, Almighty Father, hear ?

2 Since thy remembrancers they are,
Why should thy servants give thee rest,
Until, in answer to their prayer,
Thy church is with thy favour bless'd ?

3 For this, O Lord, a suppliant crowd
Here at thy sacred footstool wait ;
For this we lift our voices loud,
And ask and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down with a propitious eye ;
Of those that seek thee, now be found ;
Bid unbelief and sorrow fly,
And make our joy and praise abound.

233.—L. M. *The Spirit Implored.* [New Ar. 615.]

1 **F**OREVER shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn ;
Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return ?

2 Once I enjoy'd—O happy time—
The heartfelt visits of his grace ;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes,
The sweet remembrance quite efface.

3 Beneath his warming, quick'ning beams,
The icy rock dissolved away ;
New life diffused through all my powers,
And darkness yielded to the day.

4 When justice waved his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul oppress'd,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whisper'd pardon to my breast.

5 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn or sigh in vain ;
Come, repossess this longing heart,
With all the graces of thy train.

6 This temple hallow'd by thy hands,
Once more be with thy presence blest,
And be thy grace anew display'd,
And this, thy everlasting rest.

234.—8s 7s. *Returning Backslider.* [New Ar. 616.

1 **L**ORD, we bow with deep contrition,
Low before thy throne of grace ;
Hear us in thy kind compassion,
While we seek thy smiling face.

2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,
Should we come for life and peace ?
Nothing but thy boundless favour,
Can our burden'd souls release.

3 Thou hast witness'd our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt ;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

4 Ah, this sin of cov'nant breaking,
Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive ?
Shall we hear thy mercy speaking ?
Canst thou bid us look and live ?

5 Pardon, peace, and consolation,
At thy bleeding cross we see :
There we take an humble station,
Lord, we look alone to thee.

235.—8s 7s. *Seeking Revival.* [New Ar. 617.

1 **M**ET, O God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace ;

O, deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels, from thy face.

2 May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die ;
Bridegroom of the church, awake them,
Rouse them by the midnight cry.

3 Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls thine arrows dart ;
Let thy truth, so long neglected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

4 O thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call ;
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
O revive—*revive us all.*

236.—C. M. *Seeking Revival.* [New Ar. 618.]

1 **W**E now, O Lord, approach thy throne,
To open all our grief :
Now send thy promised mercy down
And grant us quick relief.

2 Thou never saidst to Jacob's seed,
"Seek ye my face," in vain ;
And canst thou now deny thine aid,
When burden'd souls complain.

3 The same thy power, thy love the same,
Unmoved the promise shines ;
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,
And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,
And unbelief arise,
We'll wait around thy footstool still,
For thou wilt hear our cries.

237.—L. M. *Zion prayed for.* [New Ar. 620.]

- 1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer ;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 May every pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness ;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

238.—C. M. *Spirit of Holiness.* [New Ar. 621.]

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
O bring thy comforts near.
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O let thy grace remove ;

And may the souls, which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before ;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

239.—S. M. *Prayer for a Revival.* [New Ar. 622.]

1 O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
O, come and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

240.—S. M. *Spirit sought.* [New Ar. 623.]

- 1 **O**, FOR the happy hour,
When God will hear our cry,
And send with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray ;
We listen to the word
In vain ; we see no cheering ray—
No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs ;
When once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.
- 4 While many crowd thy house,
How few around thy board
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord.
- 5 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success ;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.
- 6 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be thine—
Our church like that above.

241.—8s 7s. *Light of the World.* [New Ar. 619.]

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death ;
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—

Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring light upon our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart ;
Come, and manifest thy favour
To the ransom'd, helpless race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel-grace.

- 3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince ;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
Every weary, wand'ring spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

242.—8s 7s. *Spiritual Harvest.* [New Ar. 624.]

- 1 **H**E that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labour shall succeed.
Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine ;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou mayst reap the fruits of joy.
Lo ! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again, the fields are whit'ning ;
Sure the harvest time is near.

243.—7s.

Converts. [New Arrang. 626.]

- 1 **W**HO are these that come from far,
Swifter than a flying cloud ?
Thick as flocking doves they are,
Eager in pursuit of God :
Trembling as the storm draws nigh ;
Hast'ning to the place of rest ;
See them to their windows fly,
To the ark of Jesus' breast.
- 2 Who are these, but sinners poor,
Conscious of their low estate ;
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
On the good Physician wait ;
Fallen—who bewail their fall—
Proffer'd mercy who embrace,
List'ning to the gospel-call,
Longing to be saved by grace.
- 3 For his mate the turtle moans ;
For his God the sinner sighs ;
Hark ! the music of his groans—
Humble groans that pierce the skies ;
Surely God their sorrows hears—
Every accent, every look ;
Treasures up their gracious tears ;
Notes their sufferings in his book.
- 4 He, who hath their cure begun,
Will he now despise their pain ?
Can he leave his work undone ;
Bring them to the birth in vain ?
No ; we all, who seek, shall find ;
We, who ask, shall all receive ;
Be to Christ in spirit joined ;
With him ever, ever live.

TIMES AND OCCASIONS.

DEDICATIONS, ETC.

244.—L. M. *Dedication.* [New Ar. 628.]

- 1 **H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee :
O make it now thy fix'd abode,
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King ;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

245.—7s. *Laying a Corner-Stone.* [N. Ar. 629.]

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;

Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

246.—C. M. *Dedication.* [New Ar. 630.]

1 **S**PIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O, come, Great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light : to us reveal,
Our sinfulness and wo,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be,
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy testifying power.

5 Come as a dove—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love :

And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with "rushing sound,"
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face.

7 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers ;
O, come, Great Spirit, come !

247.—L. M. *Erection of a Church.* [N. Ar. 631.]

1 **T**HIS house, O Lord, for thee we raise,
Long may it echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train ;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When thou the nations shalt survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

248.—C. M. *Dedication.* [New Ar. 632.]

1 **W**ITHIN this house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear ;
Make it a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart

- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
 Here give the mourners rest ;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthroned in every breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy,
 And humble prayer arise ;
 Till higher strains our tongues employ,
 In realms beyond the skies.

249.—C. M. *Opening a house of worship.* [N.A.633.]

- 1 **O**, SHEPHERD of thy people, hear ;
 Thy presence now display :
 Thou that hast given a house of prayer,
 Now give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And in the presence of the Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 By thine Almighty grace,
 Awaken slumb'ring sinners round
 To come and fill the place.

ORDINATIONS.

250.—8s. *Prayer for Ministers.* [New Ar. 509]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
 We plead for those who plead for thee ;
 Successful may they ever be.

- 2 Clothe them with energy divine,
And let their messages be thine :
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them, thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them, immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound :
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 5 How great their work, how vast their charge ;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge,
Till light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

251.—C. M. *Prayer for the Minister.* [N. A. 510.]

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep,
His eye intent on thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
The flock to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 O never let the sheep complain,
That toys which fools amuse—
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain—
Debase the shepherd's views.

MORNING AND EVENING.

252.—S. M. *Morning Thanksgiving*. [N. A. 634.]

- 1 SERENE I laid me down,
S Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus, does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame :
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

253.—7s. *Evening*. [New Arrang. 639.]

- 1 NOW, from labour and from care,
N Evening shades have set me free ;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee :
O, behold me from above ;
Fill me with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys ;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice :
Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore

- 3 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quick'ning power ;
 Grateful notes to thee I raise,
 O, accept my song of praise.

254.—L. M. *Sabbath Evening.* [New Ar. 638.]

- 1 **A**NOTHER day has pass'd along,
 And we are nearer to the tomb :
 Nearer to join the heav'nly song,
 Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there ;
 For these blest hours the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 3 The time, how lovely and how still ;
 Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest ; the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love ;
 And while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 5 Nor will our days of toil be long ;
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,
 And we shall join the ceaseless song—
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

255.—C. M. *Spring.* [New Ar. 651.]

- 1 **W**HEN beauty clothes the fertile vale,
 And birds their chorus sing,

And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the day of spring !

2 O, let my inmost heart confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my soul would join
Glad nature's cheerful song :
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

4 And faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise,
Our Saviour, God, will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

256.—L. M.

Harvest.

[New Ar. 653.]

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crown'd our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat ;
Thou givest us the finest wheat ;
The joys of harvest we have known :
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord ;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 *Another* harvest comes apace ;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow,
The sickle gives to lay us low ;

- 5 That so, when angel reapers come
 To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high,
 To thy safe garner in the sky.

257.—L. M. *Harvest improved.* [New Ar. 654.]

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes and see
 A plenteous harvest all around,—
 The crop matured, and not a grain
 Shall useless fall upon the ground.
- 2 A harvest of immortal souls,
 Prepared by sov'reign grace and power ;
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor winds, nor storms,
 Shall hurt—nor birds of prey devour.
- 3 An arm divine protects the saints,
 Omniscience rests on their abode ;
 Christ will conduct them safely home,
 Their kind Protector and their God.
- 4 O, happy day, when every sheaf,
 Ripen'd for glory shall be found ;
 When all the saints are gather'd in,
 The joy of harvest shall resound !

258.—8s 7s. *Autumn.* [New Ar. 656.]

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound.
- 2 Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
 Where, like us, he blighted fell),
 Hear the lesson we are reading ;
 Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,

View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

- 4 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning—
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
O, let all our hopes be laid !
This alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

P A R E N T A L.

259.—C. M. *The God of Bethel.* [New Ar. 223.]

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

- 5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
 Our humble prayers implore,
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,—
 Our portion evermore.

260.—C. M. *Sanctification of children.* [N.Ar. 224.]

- 1 **O** GOD of Abra'm, hear
 The parents' humble cry ;
 In cov'nant mercy now appear,
 While in the dust we lie.
- 2 These children of our love,
 In mercy thou hast given,
 That we through grace may faithful prove
 In training them for heaven.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
 Their hearts to sanctify ;
 Remember now thy gracious word,
 Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
 The penitential sigh ;
 Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
 And fix their hopes on high.
- 5 These children now are thine,
 We give them back to thee ;
 O lead them by thy grace divine,
 Along the heavenly way.

261.—C. M. *Children's Conversion.* [N Ar. 228.]

- 1 **O** LORD, behold us at thy feet,
 A needy, sinful band ;
 As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
 We come at thy command.
- 2 'T is for our children we would plead,
 The offspring thou hast given ;

Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven ?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife :
But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart ;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

262.—7s. *Teach thy Children.* [New Ar. 225.]

1 **L**ORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race ;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our seed with ready zeal,
Learn of us to do thy will.

3 May we teach them day by day,
In the house, and by the way,
When they rise, or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

4 While in childhood's tender age,
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.

5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care ;
Be their Shepherd, and their Guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

263.—L. M. *Consecration.* [New Ar. 512.]

- 1 **L**ONG as he lives he shall be thine ;
This cherish'd gift I now restore,
Nor longer call the treasure mine,
Given to my God for evermore.
- 2 Still firm in purpose, and sincere,
This dedication, Lord, shall stand ;
The child shall now be doubly dear,
As kept and guarded by thy hand.
- 3 Let him be early taught of God ;
Prepare him in the days of youth,
Amid the courts of thine abode,
To bear the messages of truth.
- 4 Be this the object of my heart,
Be this the burden of my prayer,
That he thy gospel may impart,
To those who shall thy mercy share.
- 5 And may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
Help me in mem'ry to retain
Each promise of thy holy word,
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.

264.—C.P.M. *The Family Vow.* [New Ar. 466]

- 1 **I** AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first, obedient to his word,
I must myself appear ;
By actions, words, and temper, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set ;
From those that on thy pleasure wait,
Each stumbling block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain ;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God ;
A saint, indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
Into thy hands receive ;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.

265.—L. M. *For the Young.* [New Ar. 226.]

- 1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend,
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 'Tis by the guidance of thy hand,
That they within thy house appear ;
And in thine awful presence stand,
To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed, in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction they receive,
To thy immortal praise abound,
And make them to thy glory live.
- 4 Give them a sober, steady mind ;
Strength to withstand the snares of sin ;
Boldly to cast the world behind,
And strive eternal life to win.
- 5 To read thy word, their hearts incline ;
To understand it, light impart ;
O Saviour, consecrate them thine—
Take full possession of each heart.

266.—L. P. M. *Prayer for Children.* [N. Ar. 227.]

1 **C**OME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry ;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply ;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind ;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind ;
In knowledge pure, their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide ;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth be fill'd with God.

Y O U T H .

267.—S. M. *Guide of Youth.* [New Ar. 658.]

1 **F**ROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared,
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline ;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive ;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 O, let us never tread
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

268.—C. M. *Discretion.* [New Ar. 660.]

1 **F**RAIL youth are in a slippery path,
Beset with mighty foes ;
Surrounded with disease and death,
Unnumber'd sins and woes.

2 Their passions war against the soul,
And lead their feet astray ;
Submitting to the world's control,
They shun the narrow way.

3 To vanities of time and sense,
Their youthful hearts are prone ;
How difficult to draw them thence,
To seek a heavenly crown.

4 Great God, the work is wholly thine,
To guide our erring youth ;
Do thou their wandering hearts incline,
To seek the ways of truth.

5 Restrain impetuous passions, Lord
Upward direct their eyes ;
Give them a heart to know thy word,
And all thy counsels prize.

269.—C. M. *Invitation to the Young.* [N. A. 661.]

1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

270.—S. M. *Call to Youth.* [New Ar. 659.]

- 1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found,
O, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

O L D A G E .

271.—C. M. *Trust in God.* [New Ar. 667.]

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;

And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

- 2 In early years thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

- 3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

- 4 Therefore in life I 'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

MARINERS.

272.—Ss 7s 4s. *Far, far at Sea.* [New Ar 668.]

- 1 **S**TAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

- 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

- 3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee :
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

- 4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee ;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

273.—C. M. *Prayer for Seamen.* [N. Ar. 669.]

1 **W**E come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

274.—L. M. *The Seaman's Song.* [N. A. 670.]

1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in his church his glory sing.

275.—148th. *The Christian's Voyage.* [N. Ar. 671.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep ;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad ?
What though the waves are strong ?
What though tempestuous storms
Distress me all along ?
Yet what are seas or stormy wind ?
Compared to Christ—the sinner's Friend ?
- 3 Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is his word,
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord :
I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye ;
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up !
- 5 Come heavenly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place :
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin behind !

T H A N K S G I V I N G.

276.—8s. *Thanksgiving.* [New Ar 679.]

- 1 **L**ET gratitude waken the song,
And swell the harmonious lyre,
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
And joy every bosom inspire !
What favours around us have flow'd,
Unmeasured, unspeakably great,
By Heaven in rich mercy bestow'd
On man in his fallen estate.
- 2 The earth with rich verdure is crown'd,
The fruits in their fulness appear,
The songs of the reapers resound,
And plenty encircles the year ;
The blessings of freedom are ours,
And knowledge and virtue increase,
No foe is invading our shores,
We live with the nations at peace.
- 3 The sound of the gospel is heard :
The scriptures their treasures unfold,
While thousands believe in the word,
More precious than silver or gold :
No fierce persecutions arise,
The heart and the conscience to bind ;
That wisdom which Heaven supplies,
The weakest believer may find.
- 4 Let gratitude waken the song,
And swell the harmonious lyre,
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
And joy every bosom inspire :
A nation so favour'd of God,
Should ever acknowledge his hand ;
Should send his salvation abroad—
His gospel to every land.

277.—7s. *Swell the Anthem.* [New Ar. 680.]

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand,
Flow around this happy land,
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,
Never feel oppression's rod :
Ever own and worship God.

278.—6s. 4s. *Freemen, wake the song.* [N. A. 681.]

- 1 FREEMEN, awake the song !
Gladly the strain prolong,
Welcome this day !
It tells of glory won,
By deeds of valour done ;
Shout till the setting sun
Sheds its last ray.
- 2 Our happy land we sing—
Your joyful tribute bring,
The song to swell ;
Sing of our country's worth—
The place of freedom's birth—
The noblest spot on earth—
Her blessings tell.
- 3 Tell how Jehovah's care,
Guarded our blessings rare,
Till this bright hour :

- And still secure from harm,
 Held by his mighty arm,
 And free from all alarm,
 We trust his power.
- 4 Science her power exerts,
 And treasures rich imparts :
 Ennobling truth,
 Whence holy influence springs,
 Upon her heaven-plumed wings,
 Bright burnish'd armour brings,
 To guard our youth.
- 5 Our youth—our country's gems—
 Their lustre brightly beams
 For coming days :
 Let virtue's wreath be twined
 Round each—and every mind
 The lamp of knowledge find,
 To gild their ways.
- 6 May blest religion's light,
 Unfading, changeless, bright,
 Their guide-star be :
 And, as to age they move,
 Our Father's arm of love,
 Guide them to realms above,
 Where all are free.

MARRIAGES.

279.—C. M. *A Wedding Hymn.* [New Ar. 682.]

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage-feast ;
 Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
 To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands ;

Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow—
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless ; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 O may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee ;
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.

280.—L. M. *The same.* [New Ar. 683.]

1 **W**ITH cheerful voices rise and sing,
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

2 O may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

3 So may they live, as truly one,
And when their work on earth is done ;
Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

281.—7s 6s. *Happy Family.* [New Ar. 232.]

1 **W**HAT sight on earth more blissful,
Than that domestic scene,

Where union, pure and peaceful,
 As sun-lit clouds at e'en.
 Each kindred heart enlightens,
 With many a heaven-born ray,
 That ever shines and brightens,
 "Unto the perfect day."

- 2 There discord is a stranger,
 There strife can never come ;
 And many a fear and danger
 Are exiled from that home ;
 While indolence and folly
 Are banish'd with their train,
 And converse pure and holy,
 Exerts her gentle reign.
- 3 And there how sweet and precious,
 The grateful song to raise,
 To him so kind and gracious.
 Who claims the highest praise ;
 While glad harmonious voices,
 Parents and children join ;
 While every heart rejoices,
 In blessings so divine.
- 4 In such a habitation,
 May we be ever found,
 Where waters of salvation,
 In healing streams abound :
 Affection's voice to chide us,
 Whene'er we go astray,
 And mercy's hand to guide us,
 Along the narrow way.

282.—7s. *At Parting.* [New Ar. 684.]

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep ;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain :
And our wasting lives prolong,
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

283.—C. M. *Parting of Friends.* [New Ar. 685.]

- 1 **T**HROUGH Christ, when we together came
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one ;
And each to each, in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.
- 3 O, may thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
In all our travels still
Direct and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill.
- 4 O, what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades ;
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.
- 5 Hasten, O Lord, and bring the day,
When we shall dwell at home ;
Come, O Redeemer, come away ;
O Jesus, quickly come !.

284.—C. M. *Re-union of Friends.* [New Ar. 686.]

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'T was by his bidding we were call'd
In pain awhile to part ;
'T is by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O, may the Spirit's quick'ning power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our moments fly away,
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
And with our Father we shall dwell.
A family of peace.

285.—P. M. *Birth-day Dedication.* [New Ar. 687.]

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee,
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days :
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name ;
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came ;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live on earth,
To thee, O, let me live ;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give ;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

286.—C. M. *A Birth-day Prayer.* [New Ar. 688.]

1 **SWIFT** as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on ;
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

2 My follies past, O God, forgive,
My every sin subdue ;
And teach me, henceforth, how to live,
With glory in my view.

3 'T were better I had not been born,
Than live without thy fear ;
For they are wretched and forlorn
Who have their portion here.

4 But thanks to thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek thy face,
And know the way of truth.

5 O, let thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road ;
Conform me to thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

- 6 Another year of life is past ;
 My heart to thee incline,
 That if this year should be my *last*,
 It may be wholly *thine*.

287.—8s 7s 4s. *New Year.* [New Ar. 649.]

- 1 **T**HROUGH another year conducted,
 Unto thee our song we raise ;
 For thy rich unbounded kindness
 Thee we humbly join to praise :
 Lord, assist us
 Still to walk in wisdom's ways.

- 2 While again we bow before thee,
 Using here the means of grace ;
 While in worship we adore thee,
 In this oft-frequented place,
 O, permit us
 To behold the Saviour's face.

- 3 While the word of life is preached,
 May thy Spirit now descend ;
 Thus enliven'd, thus distinguish'd,
 May this year in mercy end ;
 And Jehovah
 Be our everlasting Friend.

288.—11s. *Rest of the Sabbath.* [New Ar. 218.]

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath, this day of repose,
 On which the Redeemer triumphantly rose,
 Confirming his mission, by leaving the dead,
 To comfort the mourners, who left him and fled.
- 2 His work then completed, our Sabbath began,
 A day of rejoicing to penitent man ;
 For when the Messiah had enter'd his rest,
 The gospel our freedom and pardon express'd.

- 3 With him may we rest in the favour divine,
 Until in his kingdom above we shall shine
 More bright than the sun, in the robes of free grace,
 And never remove from the sight of his face.
- 4 O Saviour, assist us—thy Spirit impart,
 To change and to sanctify every heart ;
 Divinely instructed from evil to flee,
 May we never wander from peace and from thee.

289.—C. L. M. *Recovery from Sickness.* [N.A. 689

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, whose gracious ear
 Was open to my cry ;
 He bade me in the time of fear,
 Upon his grace rely.
 Long as I live I'll trust his care—
 To him address my fervent prayer.
- 2 Death's sorrows had encompass'd me,
 I felt the pains of hell ;
 On every side was misery,
 My woes no tongue could tell.
 Then I broke forth without control,
 "Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul."
- 3 Tender and gracious is his name ;
 Our God is ever kind ;
 The meek shall his protection claim,
 The humble, mercy find ;
 Unto thy rest, my soul, return,
 The bounties of thy God discern.
- 4 The Lord hath kept my soul from death,
 Preserved my eyes from tears :
 My feet from falling, where beneath
 Were spread the fowler's snares ;
 Living I'll walk before the Lord ;
 His name forever be adored.

290.—C. M. *Public Profession.* [New Ar. 699.]

- 1 **Y**E men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break ;—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor, from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.
- 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in the ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

DEATH.

DEATH GENERALLY.

291.—7s. *Preparation for Death.* [N A 706.]

- 1 **S**INNER, is thy soul prepar'd
For the solemn hour of death ?
Couldst thou, if no longer spar'd,
Calmly yield thy fleeting breath ?
Couldst thou meet thy God in peace,
With thy follies unforgiv'n ;
Or obtain one moment's bliss
If admitted into heav'n ?
- 2 Art thou ready to depart ?
Would the heav'nly prize be sure
To an unbelieving heart,
To a soul by sin impure ?

Can a sinner unrenow'd,
 Ever plead atoning blood?
 Can a rebel unsubdu'd,
 Ever reach heaven's blest abode?

- 3 Ready, in thy guilt to die!
 Ready, evermore to dwell
 In a world of misery,
 In the burning depths of hell!—
 They alone can look with joy,
 For a glorious reward,
 Who on earth their souls employ
 In the service of the Lord.

292.—L. M. *The Tolling Bell.* [N. A. 705.]

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepared, should I be called to die."
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;
 Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
 And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I loved below,
 To God's tribunal I must go;
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee;
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
 Nor would the thought distressing be—
 "Perhaps it next may toll for me."

- 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
 And long, and wish to hear thy voice ;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

293.—S. M. *Our days, a hand-breadth.* [N.A. 704]

- 1 **B**EFORE us to the grave
 How many hence have gone ;
 Nor could a friend, a brother, save,
 Or ransom, even one.
- 2 We follow'd their remains,
 As some will follow ours,
 Where mortals rest from all their pains,
 Nor count the tedious hours.
- 3 Since in their house below
 Our bodies soon must lie,
 Our latter end, Lord, make us know,
 And teach us how to die.
- 4 By faith may we receive
 Our pardon through thy blood—
 A righteousness, which thou canst give,
 A hope, divinely good.
- 5 Our triumph in thy name,
 Shall thus be render'd sure ;
 And we shall celebrate thy fame,
 While endless years endure.

294.—7s 6s. *Time is winging, &c.* [New Ar. 701.]

- 1 **T**IME is winging us away,
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb ;
 Youth and vigour soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that 's mortal soon will be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

- 2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above ;
 Far beyond the world's alloy—
 Secure in Jesus' love.

295.—L. M. *To-day.* [New Ar. 702.]

- 1 **T**HAT awful hour will soon appear ;
 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
 When all that pains or pleases here
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
 None can resist the fatal dart :
 Continual warnings strike my sense,
 And shall they fail to reach my heart.
- 3 Think, O my soul, how much depends
 On the short period of to-day ;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart,
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
 For strength, and life, and death, are thine.

296.—C. M. *Man's days are as grass.* [N. Ar. 703.]

- 1 **D**EATH ! what a solemn word to all,
 What mortal things are men,
 We just arise, and soon we fall,
 To mix with earth again.
- 2 'T was sin that brought in all our wo,
 And gave to death his power ;

Hence all our painful sorrows flow,
Till life's departing hour.

3 'T is God that fixes each event
Of varying life or death ;
By him revolving years are lent,
Or he arrests our breath.

4 Thankful we own thy goodness past,
Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Watching may each be found at last,
To hear the bridegroom's call.

5 O, fit us for thy righteous will,
Thy mercy, Lord, impart ;
Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
And yield thee all our heart

297.—8s. *Death desirable.* [New Ar. 715.]

1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away ;
Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see ;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 't is far better to depart.

2 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own ;
That blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet,
Raised in his arms to view his face
Through the full beamings of his grace.

3 As with a seraph voice to sing ;
To fly as on a cherub's wing ;

Performing with unwearied hands,
 The present Saviour's high commands ;
 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
 We'll wait thy signal for the flight ;
 For while thy service we pursue,
 We find a heaven in all we do.

DEATH OF A PASTOR.

298.—C. M. *Death of a Minister.* [N. A. 718.]

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, when creatures fail,
 Thy flock deserted flies ;
 And on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
 Our steadfast hope relies.
- 2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust,
 Thy saints assembled mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Zion's God, return.
- 3 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace ;
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
 Through each succeeding race.
- 4 Display thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy suppliants bless ;
 And change to strains of thankful praise,
 Our accents of distress.
- 5 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
 May this thy flock be fed ;
 And persevering in thy ways,
 To Zion's mount be led.

299.—C. M. *Death of a Pastor.* [New Ar 719]

- 1 **W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own ;

- And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given ?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done ;
And they are fully blest ;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.
- 4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care ;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall brightest wear.
- 5 And is not he who call'd them home,
Still to his church most nigh,
To bid successive labourers come,
And all her need supply ?
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
God has recall'd his own ;
But let our hearts in ev'ry wo,
Still say, " Thy will be done."

DEATH OF A CHILD.

300.—C. M. *Death of a Child.* [New Ar. 723.]

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies ;
Man is a tender transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads his with'ring, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more ;
Ah, where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before ?

3 That once-loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 We weep, our earthly comforts fled,
 And wither'd all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

5 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
 The Saviour dwells on high :
 There everlasting spring appears,
 There joys shall never die.

301.—C. M. *Death of a Child.* [New Ar. 724.

1 'TIS Jesus speaks, I fold, says he,
 These lambs within my breast :
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever bless'd.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love ;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.

3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 And mould with heavenly skill :
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joy divine,
 "O Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine."

302.—7s. *Death of a Child.* [New Ar. 725.

1 MOURN not ye, whose child hath found
 Purèr skies and holier ground ;
 Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
 Free from thorns, and fresh with dew

2 Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel-band,
To a better, fairer land.

3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and wo,
Joys which mortals may not share ;
Mourn ye not, your child is there.

303.—S. M. *Death of a pious Child.* [N. Ar. 726.]

1 **W**HEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly then departs the breath ;
The dying pang, how mild.

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do
Upon its tender mother's breast,
And as securely too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies ;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care ;
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

304.—C. M. *Present with the Lord.* [New Ar. 736.]

1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When he resigns his breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, " He 's gone,"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her heavenward flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are supremely blest—
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with the Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
 His presence always view ;
 And, if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

305.—8s 7s. *Consolation.* [New Ar. 737.]

- 1 **O**, YE mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those ye love ;
 Pain and death, and night and anguish,
 Enter not the world above :
 While in darkness ye are straying,
 Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 2 O, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those ye love ;
 Far removed from pain and anguish,
 They are chanting hymns above :
 Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high ;
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.

306.—7s.

Angelic Welcome.

[N. A. 738.]

1 “**S**PIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away,
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death ;”
 Thus th’ Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies ;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom’d captive flies.

2 “Prisoner, long detain’d below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of wo,
 Welcome to a land of rest !”
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high ;
 While with hallelujahs ring,
 All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust ;
 Grave—the treas’ry of the skies ;
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise.
 Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls,
 “Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;
Immortality thy walls,
 And *eternity* thy day !”

307.—8s. *Longing to be with Christ.* [N. Ar. 739]

1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 Oh bear me, ye cherubims, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power ;

- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline;
- 5 Oh then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen, I adored.

308.—C. M. *Thanks to God for Victory.* [N. A. 740.]

- 1 **O**, FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law is sin's condemning power,
But Christ—my ransom—died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

309.—4s 4s 6s.* *Consolation.* [New Ar. 741.]

- 1 **W**HILE here I sit
At Jesus' feet,
Amid the vale of tears;

* This becomes C. M. by singing the 1st and 2d lines as one, and the 4th and 5th lines as one.

I'll trust his grace,
And sing his praise,
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be
That I shall see
My Saviour face to face?
Forever prove
His boundless love,
And endless anthems raise.

3 The thought shall still
My musings fill,
By cares and sorrows press'd;
The blessed hope
Shall lift me up—
The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears
To wipe the tears
From every pilgrim eye,
What tongue can tell
The joys they'll feel,
Throughout eternity.

310.—C. M. *Future Glory.* [New Ar. 742.]

1 'T IS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;

His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 O, may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

311.—S. M. *Hope in Death.* [New Ar. 743.]

1 **T**HIS world of sin and death
Is not to be our home ;
No ; by the light of precious faith,
We seek a world to come.

2 Jesus is gone before,
And shows our feet the way ;
His death has made an open door
To everlasting day.

3 Our load of earthly care,
Temptation, grief, and pain,
Will never find admittance there,
Or break our peace again.

4 We may behold the tomb,
And songs of vict'ry sing ;
For death itself has lost its gloom,
Since Christ destroy'd its sting.

5 O, may we walk by faith,
Till hence our souls remove ;
Then, by its light, rejoice in death,
And find our home above.

312.—S. M. *It is not Death to die.* [New Ar. 744.]

- 1 **I**T is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimm'd by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

313.—8s 7s. *Hope and Comfort.* [New Ar. 745.]

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go :
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

314.—C. M. *The Rest of the Grave.* [New Ar. 746.]

- 1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix,
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

315. *Burial Anthem.* [New Ar. 747.]

- 1 **B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

- 2 The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er,
 And borne the heavy load ;
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his blest abode.
 Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
 Upon his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;
 And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

316.—12s 11s. *Funeral Hymn.* [New Ar. 748.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb ;
 Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may die—for the *sinless* has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion for-
 saking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;

But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and
Guide ;

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee,

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

317.—8s 7s. *Death of a Sister.* [New Ar. 749.]

1 **S**ISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer-breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

318.—L. M. *Sleeping in Jesus.* [New Ar. 750.]

1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his cruel sting.
 - 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
 - 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
 - 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.
-

J U D G M E N T.

319.—C. M. *The Final Day.* [New Ar. 757.]

- 1 **T**HE day approaches, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns ;
And, lo ! the Judge appears ;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink ye darken'd stars.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 We one and all must shortly die,
And at the bar appear ;

Now be our intercourse improved
To mutual profit here.

- 5 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng
For this thy board surround ;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crown'd.

320.—L. M. *The Day of Judgment.* [New Ar. 758.]

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

321.—C. M. *Judgment.* [New Ar. 759.]

- 1 **B**EHOLD the day is come,
The righteous Judge is near,
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies,
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 How awful is the sight,
How loud the thunders roar ;
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

- 4 The whole creation groans,
 But saints arise and sing,
 They are the ransom'd of the Lord,
 And he their God and King.

322.—C. M. *Anticipated Judgment.* [N.Ar. 760.]

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste—
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the 'solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the word—Depart !
- 3 O, wretched state of deep despair—
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station, where
 I must not taste his love.
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 I hang upon thy breast ;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O, tell me that my worthless name,
 Is graven on thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in thy word,
 Where my salvation stands.

323.—S. M. *Judgment in Prospect.* [New Ar. 761.]

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace—
His wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

324.—8s 7s 6s. *A Vision of Judgment.* [N. Ar. 762.]

1 **D**ARK brood the heavens o'er thee,
Black clouds are gath'ring fast ;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Red flames are bursting round ;
Bright light'nings flash, loud thunders roar
How shakes the trembling ground.

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Behold, the Judge appears ;
Unnumber'd millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom ;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?

Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits—
This hour to Jesus fly!

325.—7s. *Christ's second Advent.* [New Ar. 763.]

- 1 **H**ARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land:
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view,
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you,
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in a Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

326.—10s. *Day of Judgment.* [New Ar. 764.]

- 1 **H**ARK! from the deep of heaven a trumpet
sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls.
- 2 And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep;
The sea has heard it; coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals rush from out her bed.
- 3 The graves fly open, and with awful strife
The dust of ages startles into life;
All who have breathed, or moved, or seen or felt,
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt—

- 4 Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood,
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised, from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

327.—L. M. *End of the World.* [New Ar. 765.

1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod ;
He frowns and earth's foundations quake.
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Crush'd under guilt's oppressive weight,
This globe now totters to its fate :
Trembles beneath her guilty sons,
And for deliv'rance heaves and groans.

3 And see, the glorious, dreadful day
That takes th' enormous load away ;
See skies, and stars, and earth, and seas
Sink in one universal blaze.

4 Where now—ah, where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck ?
Can falling rocks conceal them now,
When rocks dissolve like melting snow ?

5 In vain for pity now they cry,
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
There on the burning billows toss'd,
For ever, ever, ever lost.

6 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene ;
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

328.—P. M. *Judgment.* [New Ar. 766.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created ;

The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created ;
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 Beneath his cross I view the day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

HEAVEN.

329.—C. M.

Heaven.

[New Ar. 769.]

1 **T**HERE is a world of perfect bliss,
 Above the starry skies ;
 Fatigued with sorrows and with sins,
 I thither lift mine eyes.

- 2 'T is there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within ;
The mind with guilt no more oppress'd,
The conscience calm and clean.
- 3 Farewell to earth and earthly things,
In vain they tempt my stay ;
Come, angels, spread your downy wings,
And bear me swift away.
- 4 I long to see my Father's face,
And love, and sing like you ;
Adieu, adieu, my dearest friends ;
Vain world, once more adieu !

330.—C. M. *Heaven.* [New Ar. 767.]

- 1 **F**AR from these gloomy scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
- 3 There, pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No clouds these blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There, all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

- 6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high ;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

331.—C. M. *Heavenly Rest.* [New Ar. 774.]

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of hallow'd peace,
 For those with cares oppress'd,
 When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,
 And all be hush'd to rest.
- 2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
 And doubts which here annoy ;
 Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
 Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more ;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows,
 On that celestial shore.
- 4 There, purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy ;
 There, they, who oft had sown in tears,
 Shall reap again in joy.

332.—8s 7s. *Life and Glory.* [New Ar. 780.]

- 1 **W**HAT is life ? 't is all a vapour ;
 Soon it vanishes away ;
 Life is but a dying taper ;
 O, my soul, why wish to stay ?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent,
 Brighter far than fancy paints,

There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love,
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,
 Filling all the courts above.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory ;
 'Mid the ransom'd crowd appear ;
 Thine, a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

633.—L. M. *Heaven.* [New Ar. 781.]

1 **I**N heaven the heart o'erflows with love,
 And every eye beholds its God ;
 The passions now no longer rove,
 The soul is wash'd in Jesus' blood.

2 Sin is for ever banish'd thence,
 Ecstatic raptures fill the mind ;
 The low delights of flesh and sense,
 Are changed for pleasures all refined.

3 Oceans of bliss incessant roll,
 Nor Satan tempts, nor tyrants frown ;
 No transient clouds o'erspread the soul,
 And guilt and grief are never known.

4 O, could we drop this cumbrous clay,
 Soon would we climb the upper road ;
 On wings of love fly swift away,
 Till we shall reach the throne of God.

334.—C. M. *Saints above.* [New Ar. 782]

- 1 **V**IEW the bright ranks in order stand,
And round the throne appear ;
Now free from each polluting sin,
And each distracting care.
- 2 They know no grief, nor suffer pain,
Their sighs are turn'd to songs ;
Celestial love inflames their souls,
And praise employs their tongues.
- 3 In Jesus' righteousness array'd,
How beautiful and fair !
Rich the enjoyments they partake,
And bright the crowns they wear.
- 4 Could I but hope at length to join
The spirits of the just,
I'd trample on this empty world,
Nor cleave to earth and dust.

335.—C. M. *Heaven.* [New Ar. 783.]

- 1 **N**OR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No lying lips, nor envious eye,
Can taste or see the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;

None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
Where all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

336.—C. P. M. *Enjoyment of Heaven.* [N. A. 771.]

- 2 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

337.—7s. *The Redeemed.* [New Ar. 785.]

- 1 **W**HO are these in bright array ?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ;

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain
 New dominion every hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came,
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his eternal name ;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead.
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

338.—7s. *Rising Saints.* [New Ar. 786.]

- 1 **F**ROM the roaring surge they come,
 From the darksome depths of wo,
 Peril, weariness, and shame,
 Mark'd their chosen lot below.
- 2 Sinking in the ocean brine,
 Jesus caught them from the flood ;
 Lo ! how bright their garments shine,
 Blanched in their Redeemer's blood.
- 3 Where is now the streaming tear ?
 Where the pang—the secret groan ?
 Sin nor sorrow mingle here,
 Shadeless splendour gilds the throne.
- 4 Like the rush of ocean storm,
 High the thundering chorus blends ;

Rich with life, with rapture warm,
Low th' adoring circle bends.

- 5 One their Lord, and one their song,
Saint and seraph there combine ;
Christian, be thy faith as strong,
Rest as glorious shall be thine.

339.—8s 7s. *Christ Enthroned.* [New Ar. 787.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of Glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then with golden harps we 'll sing,
" Glory, glory to our King."

340.—L. M. *Final Triumph.* [New Ar. 341.

- 1 **C**OME, saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
To him your grateful tribute bring ;

Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps and sing.

2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd, and labour'd, wept and died.

3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar ;
See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heaven adore.

4 Again he comes—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down ;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise ;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

6 Hail, mighty Prince ; thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph are complete ;
To thee the ransom'd myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.

341.—6s 5s. *Glory to the Lamb.* [New Ar. 788.

1 **Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
Yet still he is nigh,
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on his throne ;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son ;
Emanuel's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore ;
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4. C. M.

TO praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

5. S. M.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence one ;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honours done.

6. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7. L. P. M.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds, where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

8. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God, whom heaven's triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore ;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last,
 When time shall be no more.

9. 7s.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

10. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

11. 8s 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given,
 Glory through eternal days.

12. 8s 7s 4s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Thou, the God whom we adore,
 May we all thy love inherit,
 To thine image us restore,
 Vast eternal,
 Praises to thee evermore.

13. 7s 6s.

TO the Father, to the Son,
 And Spirit, ever bless'd,
 Everlasting Three in One,
 All worship be address'd.
 Praise from all above, below,
 As throughout th' ages past,
 Now is given, and shall be so
 While endless ages last.

14. 11s 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
 The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

{ 15. 11s.

O, **FATHER** Almighty, to thee be address'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
 bless'd,
 All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

16. 8s 7s.

Apostolic Benediction.

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other, and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

17. L. M.

The Peace of God, &c.—Phil. iv. 7.

1 **T**HE peace, which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down,
 On every soul assembled here.

18. P. M.

BY all holy spirits
 That fill the wide heaven,
 And saints upon earth,
 Let praises be given
 To God, in three persons, the God we adore,
 As it has been, now is, and shall be e'ermore.

19. 7s 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be loftiest praises given,
 Now and forevermore.
 Earth join with heaven in singing
 The praise of pard'ning love,
 Till the loud anthem swelling
 Shall reach the courts above.

20. 7s 6s.

FROM all in earth and heaven
 To God, the Three in One,
 Be boundless glory given,
 And ceaseless service done ;

Co-equal praise to Father,
To Son and Spirit be ;
One God, they reign together,
In holy Trinity.

21. 6s 4s.

TO the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore ;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

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